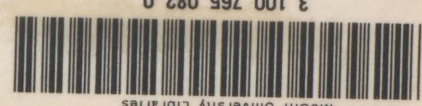


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The Macdonald FARM Journal



VOL. 20, NO. 1

JANUARY, 1959



This is **ACHIEVEMENT!**

In this year's great Royal Winter Fair, Aberdeen Angus placed as follows in the carcass competition (and remember that carcass is the end result of beef breeding).

Section 1	475 lbs. and under First 11 were Angus
Section 2	476 lbs. to 599 lbs. The first 8 were Angus
Section 3	600 lbs. and up The first 5 were Angus

And the winner of the Queen's Guineas was an Angus!

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Let us tell you about our Angus.*

Quebec Aberdeen Angus Association

Robert Laberge, Pres.

Danville, Que.



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SUCCESSFUL FEEDERS CHOOSE "MIRACLE"**

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With over 25 years continuous testing in Advanced Registry, we can offer young Yorkshire Breeding stock from Canada's highest scoring strain of sows.

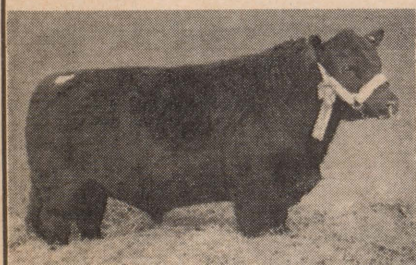
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VISITORS WELCOME

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The Macdonald Farm Journal is the official monthly publication of Macdonald College, McGill University. Address all communications for both advertising or editorial matter to the Editor, H. Gordon Green, Ormstown, Quebec.

Printed at

**THE HARPELL'S PRESS COOPERATIVE
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Subscription Rate, 3 Years \$1.00

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Page	\$110.00
Half-page	\$ 60.00
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Copy must be in 14 days prior to publication. Next deadline for advertising copy, Feb. 1.

NEW IDEAS FOR SHOW MART

A completely new National Salon of Agriculture will open its doors on February 14 next, at the Show Mart in Montreal. Actually, the directors of this big national exposition have achieved a wonderful feat, which many thought impossible, as they revive it each year and provide adequately for the needs of its exhibitors and public, in spite of the limited space available.

The 1959 edition of the Salon promises to be entirely different from those which have been held since 1953, and will offer a leading contribution in the spreading of new ideas in agriculture. The seventh Salon will be different from its predecessors in its presentation and its structure.

Not only will the interior be transformed with the aim of more easy access to all sections, but the reconstruction will show the happy result of the efforts made to create a realistic portrait of Canadian agriculture.

The 1959 Salon will combine all that modern techniques can offer to farmers in the way of equipment to facilitate their work and increase their returns. Visitors view here a splendid tableau of all the varied gamut of farm machinery and equipment. The multitude of exhibits, whose listing alone shows the breadth of the Salon, will have in addition, in the live animals section, entire herds of choice animals on display.

A veritable window opening on contemporary agriculture, the 1959 Salon will make a major contribution to popular education, a magnificent book illustrated by a variety of exhibits, contests, demonstrations and displays.

ADVERTISING DEADLINE

FEBRUARY 1st

**FOR THE
FEBRUARY ISSUE.**

Editorial

NEEDED: A CRASH PROGRAM

FEDERAL assistance to the Canadian grain farmers in the present year will run well over 100 million dollars. The major item in this outlay is the 40 million dollar acreage payment made last autumn. The government insists that this was not a deficiency payment. It is widely recognized — because of the \$200 per farm ceiling — as a relief payment. Certainly it cannot be thought of as having any particular agricultural policy significance. It does represent anything consistent a permanent solution to our problems. While the other assistance to Prairie farmers is quite defensible, whether it represents the best possible use of public funds should be examined.

Now Prairie farmers are organizing a march on Ottawa to present a genuine deficiency payment scheme to the government. This would apply to the present crop year and the two previous ones, and would entail costs running well over half a billion dollars.

In the face of present programs and that proposed by Prairie grain growers, there is an urgent need for a more permanent solution to these problems. This is reflected in the fact that the wheat exporting countries of the world will have over twice as much wheat available for export as importing countries will be prepared to take on a commercial basis. It is of the greatest importance that Canada not only face up to her own wheat problem but that she provide constructive leadership in facing the bigger one.

Macdonald College proposes a "crash" research program which would have two objectives: (1) to

analyze the situation so as to determine what may be done on the level of domestic policy; and (2) to put Canada in a position of being able to provide constructive leadership on the world wheat problem. The proposal is that the Canadian government provide a research fund on one-half of one per cent of the above 100 million dollars, or 500,000 dollars, to push an aggressive research program on several levels during the coming six to twelve months.

The funds would be used to support at least four or five teams of research workers as follows: (1) a team from Prairie Universities; (2) a team from Eastern Universities; (3) a team of private research consultants; (4) a team of government research workers from the Wheat Board, and the Departments of Agriculture, Trade and Commerce, External Affairs, and Finance; and (5) a team of Canadian-United States experts. We should even be inclined to turn loose on the problem of a joint Canadian-United States team of political scientists.

At the present time Canada has almost no research on the marketing of our most important product. The problems are extremely difficult and there is no promise that the results of such research would lead more than a few steps toward a solution. However, there is always an outside chance that it would. But highly useful results could be assured on the matter of informing the Canadian government and the Canadian people about the nature of the problem. Thus this country would be placed in a position to provide positive and constructive leadership at inter-governmental and international levels.

The proposed research requires focusing first on the situation over the next five years and secondly on a date in the 1970-1975 period. The farm industry is sufficiently dynamic that short run adjustments can be made. We should find the best kinds of adjustment. In the long run *adjustments will be made*. But they should be guided by policies which express the needs of grain farmers and of the economy of the country. It is not asking too much that we attempt to define these needs. Macdonald College recently published a research report entitled "The Development of Canadian Agriculture to 1970". It naturally gave much attention to the Prairie grain industry. But that was only a start. Canada needs a real burst of research activity in this area. It's time we started.

FERTILIZE PASTURES

Fertilizing pastures annually brings better results than applying fertilizer once every three years, according to tests carried out at the Experimental Farm, Nappan, N.S.

L. B. MacLeod described the results of putting 400 pounds of 0-20-20 per acre every year on a permanent pasture that had been in sod for 15 years. The herbage yield over a period of three years was 10 per cent greater than from a similar area which received the same amount of fertilizer but applied at three year intervals.

Both areas received an annual blanket application of 150 pounds of ammonium nitrate per acre in early summer.

It was also noted that the quality of herbage was better from the area fertilized annually, because there were fewer weeds. On the other hand the area demanded more cost in labor. Mr. MacLeod recommended that high-producing pastures should be fertilized at least every two years.

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Editor, H. GORDON GREEN, Ormstown, Que.

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Keep the Date Open!

FOR THE 1959

MACDONALD COLLEGE ROYAL



Livestock Exhibition

Cooking Demonstrations

Crowning of College Queen

Seed, Fruit and Poultry Judging

Gymnastic Display

Puppet Show

Tractor Rodeo

Glee Club Program

Our theme for this year "As For the Future"

This will be Macdonald's proudest day for the year.

Be With Us

FEBRUARY 19

Are the Crossbred Pigs Any Better?

What is the truth about the new crossbreeding theories? Macdonald's latest swine breeding experiment provides some very interesting findings which will doubtless provoke controversy wherever pig men get together.

by LEW WALLACE

THERE WAS a time when the purebred animal was universally regarded as the acme of perfection. The farmer who was written up in the big farm magazines and visited every month by his agronomer was almost certainly a man who kept his livestock registered. His own pedigree might be traceable no further back than his grandfather, but the pedigree of his animals read something like the genealogy of the Old Testament and went back almost as far. Indeed the purity of pedigree was of such importance to yesterday's farmer that the government was moved to set up a special department to act as its custodian, and even today, a violation of the Livestock Pedigree Act is a federal offence, and if you get caught tampering with it, it will be no less than a Mountie who will do the job.

It is still a matter of considerable worth of course, to record pedigrees, but it becomes increasingly clear as time goes on, that such recording will not be to preserve purity because purity in itself represents perfection. It will be rather to help us make a controlled crossbred which will probably be much nearer to that mythical model of perfection than any purebred could ever hope to be.

Poultrymen have known this twenty years ago, and the crossbred or hybrid is practically the only bird the business is interested in now. And there have been several rebels in the agricultural scene who have been predicting for some time that the larger animals must soon follow suit. Furthermore, it has been pretty freely predicted that swine, because of their ability to reproduce very quickly, would most certainly be the first of the heavyweights to make the switch.

Those who refused to subscribe to the idea seemed to have a pretty good talking point, however. The packing industry demanded uniformity in a pig carcass and there seemed to be no better way to achieve that uniformity than to have one breed in the country, and to keep the type of that breed as free from variation as possible.



Lloyd Hagey, shown here with a Landrace gilt which topped a recent Ontario sale, is one of the many prominent swine men who now raise both Yorkshires and Landrace.

Denmark, so these men pointed out, had become the world's best pigpen because they had stuck to a single breed and never wasted any time on crossing.

And here in Canada, there seemed to be good evidence to show that a purebred if properly selected and guarded, as in a program such as that of Prince Edward Island, could win just about any carcass competition anywhere.

It was inevitable that the dispute should attract experimenters in our experimental farms and in colleges, and Macdonald is at this very time, still conducting tests in an attempt to throw new light on the problem. The program started in the spring of 1957 and the first part of the idea was to take a number of purebred Yorkshire

sows, and to breed half of them to sires of their own breed and the other half to sires of the recently imported Landrace breed.

Four boars were used in each breed, and there was no attempt to select these on the basis of previous importance, though the Yorkshire boars, coming as they did from the college herd, had Advanced Registry behind them. The Landrace were too recently arrived in the country to have had any such testing.

The sows were all from the college herd too, and to prevent any selection the numbers were drawn from a hat. The experiment covered a two-year period of both spring and fall litters, and the following is the over-all summary of the results:

TABLE A

A Comparison between the performance of litters sired by Yorkshire and Landrace boars and out of purebred Yorkshire sows and Gilts.

Boar	No. of litters sired	Ave. litter size at 154 days.	Ave. 154 day weight (lbs.)	% Grade A
Yorkshire #1	8	7.2	154	68
#2	7	7.2	149	70
#3	2	7.5	140	67
#4	2	7.5	160	69
Landrace #1	9	7.6	159	45
#2	4	9.5	175	50
#3	5	6.0	166	70
#4	4	6.5	168	73
Yorkshire	19	7.3	151	69
Landrace	22	7.4	165	59

TABLE B

A Comparison of the Performance of the litters of purebred Yorkshire Landrace-Yorkshire crossbred gilts when mated to different Yorkshire and Landrace boars.

Boar	Yorkshire #1		Yorkshire #2		Landrace #1		Landrace #2	
Breeding of gilt	Pure-bred	Cross-bred	Pure-bred	Cross-bred	Pure-bred	Cross-bred	Pure-bred	Cross-bred
No. of litters	2	2	2	3	5	3	4	2
No. of pig/litter reaching market age	7.5	8.5	7.5	8.3	6.0	6.7	6.5	8.0
Feed/100 lbs. gain (lbs.)	447	420	392	365	391	375	369	372
Ave. age at market wt.	190	179	174	169	173	171	169	170
% A Grade	67	87	69	96	70	95	73	93
Advanced Registry Measurements —								
Length (Inches)	30.9	30.9	30.5	30.5	31.1	31.1	30.3	31.0
Ave. depth of backfat (in.)	1.46	1.34	1.40	1.24	1.32	1.30	1.38	1.28
Area of eye of lean (sq. in.)	3.65	4.05	3.80	4.32	4.01	4.10	4.26	4.25

TABLE C

A Comparison of the Performance of Market Hogs produced by different Mating Systems.

Mating system	Purebreds		Crossbreds	Backcross	Backcross
Breeding of boar	Yorkshire	Landrace	Yorkshire	Landrace	Landrace
Breeding of gilt	Yorkshire	Yorkshire	Landrace x Yorkshire	Landrace x Yorkshire	
No. of litters	4	6	5	5	
No. of pigs born/litter	8.2	10.0	10.4	9.4	
No. of pigs weaned/litter (21 days)	7.5	7.6	10.2	8.6	
No. of pigs at 56 days	7.5	7.3	9.4	8.6	
Ave. wt/pig (lbs.)	29.4	26.4	32.9	30.8	
No. pigs/litter to reach market wt.	7.5	6.3	8.4	7.2	
Feed/100 lbs. gain (lbs.)	420	380	392	374	
Ave. age at market wt. (days)	182	171	173	170	
% grading A (%)	68	71	92	94	

It is to be noted that in the matter of grading, there is quite some difference in the results of the Landrace crosses. The best boar of all eight used was a Landrace, and so was the poorest. The difference in average litter size is not significant, but the 154 day weight seems definitely in favor of the crossbreds.

The next step in the experiment was to breed the crossbred gilts back to boars of both breeds, and York gilts bred to boars of the same breeds. Here the results are considerably more striking:

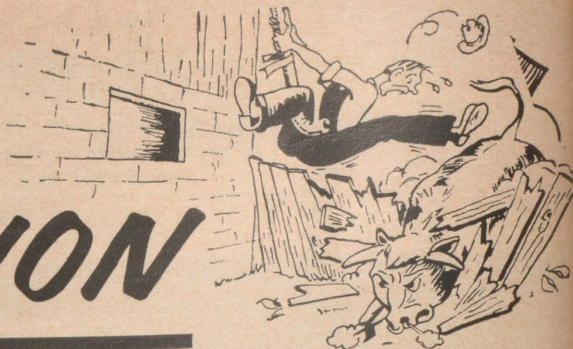
Note that in this experiment, only two boars of each breed were used, and these were not the same boars used in the first experiment. The Landrace boars used in this part of the test seemed to give more uniform results and there seems to be a slight advantage so far as grading percentage is concerned with the Landrace-York cross as opposed to the purebred York.

But to Macdonald's up and coming young Prof. J. E. Moxley, the guiding light of this testing program, the real significance is in the results of the crossbred gilts when bred back to a purebred boar of either breed. Says he, "I think that we will have to concede three distinct advantages. The crossbred gilts have consistently larger litters. The rate of gain of those litters is better than that of the pure Yorks and is apparently at least the equal of straight Landrace-York crosses. Finally, the grading of those litters is markedly better — in these tests the grade of such litters shows a 22 per cent increase in Grade A's.

Table C shows the results of further testing, and while Prof. Moxley is quick to point out that many more litters will still have to be tested before there can be a final answer to the many questions which are bound to be raised about this new idea of crossbreeding, the results seem to provide further corroboration of the superiority of the crossbred gilt as a breeding animal.

A FURTHER
DISCUSSION OF THIS
EXPERIMENT WILL
APPEAR IN OUR
NEXT ISSUE

Letters for our BEEF SECTION



HERE'S THE WOODLOT PROFESSOR AGAIN!

Dear Mr. Green:

This will acknowledge your comments in the Macdonald Farm Journal re my letter on the Woodlot Case Histories.

As you might have guessed from the title "Trees Are A Crop — Some Case Histories," the article is not intended to be an informative one, but rather a factual reporting of two Quebec farmers who have found that intensive management of their woods pays off. For information on woodlot management I refer you to my article in the December 1957 issue of the Macdonald Farm Journal, "Farm Your Woodlot."

Unfortunately, poor cutting practices are all too common throughout the Province and I enclose several pictures depicting some of the more common bad practices. Picture 1 shows a clear cutting made in a predominantly hardwood woodlot which has resulted in a harvest of large quantities of small, low quality wood, and possibly some valuable sawlogs. This type of clear cutting encourages the seeding-in of the less valuable light-demanding

species, such as aspen and grey birch, and discourages the regeneration of the more valuable ash, sugar maple, basswood, and yellow birch. These valuable species come in more readily in light shade, a condition created by partial cutting which aims at removing approximately one-third of the stand, largely in the form of mature trees, leaving the smaller sizes from 8 to 14 inches in diameter to grow to maturity more rapidly after the removal of their over-topping neighbours. Partial cutting also permits sufficient light to reach the forest floor to encourage the reproduction of the more valuable hardwoods and discourage the light-demanders. In the picture the small trees that have been left in the background by this unsatisfactory type of cutting will not survive due to shock and exposure as they have developed under partial too heavy shade.

Picture 2 shows another common practice in woodlots throughout the Province — cattle grazing a sugar bush. This is done as the owner believes that the cattle remove the young seedlings thus easing the chore of sap collection in the spring. However, this practice results in deterioration of the

sugar trees due to destruction of the feeder roots near the surface by the hooves of the cattle, compaction of the soil resulting in more rapid water run-off instead of storage, destruction of the valuable litter-humus layer which serves to replenish the soil nutrients, and generally reduction of sap flow. The most serious effect is the complete eradication of young seedlings which results in eventual destruction of the sugar bush. I need hardly mention the result of such poor forage on the livestock.

Trusting that you will be able to use these photos, and that the information contained with them is clear and in sufficient detail,

Yours very truly,

A. R. C. Jones

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

Dear Mr. Green:

Just a line to wish you and the Macdonald Farm a Happy New Year. We like the new magazine very much, and wish to compliment you especially on the Christmas issue. We got ours just in time for the big day itself along with some late cards. It added a lovely note to our lovely day.

We especially like the "Letters", the story and "The Country Lane" page.

Keep up the good work!

Mrs. E. W. W.
Rawdon, P.Q.

THE READING PROBLEM

Dear Mr. Green,

I have been interested in the letter of Mrs. A. G. of Howick, regarding the difficulties and dislike her boys have for their reading lessons. Like Mrs. A. G. I found the reading lessons the best part of the day, in my school days and it seems a great pity that her boys should not get pleasure from their reading, and so miss the color and richness brought to life by a love for reading.



Picture No. 1



Picture No. 2

I am a retired teacher, and learned to read from the dull little snuff-colored primers which told of the ox, the box and the fox; the dog, the frog and the log; on and on ad infinitum. I cannot recall that we rebelled. Perhaps sheer boredom spurred us on in the hope that things would be better as we advanced. The supplementary readers, if any were very few. Perhaps there was a greater zest for knowledge; or a sterner discipline. I cannot recall any undue harshness. Rather our village schoolmasters, who were all mistresses, lured us to brighter worlds and led the way.

True, there were no radio programs, and no TV delights in that day; and not many other distractions, and if we wanted to have anything new to think about we had to keep our eyes on the dull and repetitious little primers till we knew or memorized them! Then, day of joy! We got a new reader!

Officially there were no phonetics taught; but I can recall teachers who enjoined us to remember what that letter said, and make the sound.

As I understand the present method, authorities frown on the use of phonetics, which means that the luckless learners must memorize, literally each word, stumbling over the ones that appear similar. No wonder they loathe their reading lessons!

Does Mrs. A. G. know the book "Why Johnny Can't Read"? The author is Dr. Rudolf Flesch, Austrian born, and the book is published by Harper Brothers. It contains lists of simple phonetic drills, a step-by-step method which can be used I believe by anyone, to the great assistance of children who find the See-and-Say method heart-breakingly impossible. I used this book in my later teaching years, and found it successful.

If Mrs. A. G. tries this book, with its clear instructions and graded lists, I believe she will find that both her Johnnies will soon be reading, and loving it. . . . "If this be treason . . ."

Anonymous.

INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION

Dear Macdonald Readers:

This huge wide world of ours is getting smaller every day, or at least it seems that way, as we expand our International relationships, and seek to understand the habits and problems of others. In

this enlightening age, we have few problems that are ours alone, for generally they are shared by other peoples, and it is important that we approach these things, sharing our knowledge, and our facilities.

The spirit of International Co-operation is really being expressed this coming spring, when the International Farmers Convention will be held in the State of Israel, as farm people from all over the world are being invited to visit with those in the Israelian farming community as they celebrate the end of the 10th anniversary of the State of Israel. The International Farmers Convention will take place from March 29th, to April 12th, 1959, sponsored by the Ministry of Agriculture, the Agricultural Faculty of the Hebrew University, and all of the farm organizations in Israel.

In order that a maximum number of people will be able to take advantage of this International Farmers Convention, special tour rates and facilities have been arranged in Israel by the sponsors there. In Canada, the arrangements are being made by Tourinco, 202 Queen St., Room 110, Ottawa, Ontario, a Co-operative Travel Agency who have also planned for some interesting side trips to such famous places as Lisbon; Madrid; Rome; Paris; and Brussels, while going to and from the convention. In each case, stop-overs of sufficient duration to allow tours of famous points of interest as well as the surrounding agricultural developments, have been arranged.

In Israel itself, the best in transportation and tourist facilities are being planned for tours of the modern and Biblical highlights of this ancient land. These include the cities of Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, Haifa, Safed, Tiberia, Nazareth, Beersheba, and Sdom, and the surrounding farm lands, that in many cases have been reclaimed from deserts, and desolation by modern means. Visitors are invited to spend one week, free of charge, living with fellow Israelian farmers, sharing their homes, and observing their methods, their farm organizations, and their social activities, immediately before the convention.

The convention actually is held April 5th to 12th, with lectures and demonstrations by some of the world's leading authorities on agriculture. Special sessions will be held for agronomists, veterinarians, settlement experts, and on

top of this the Agricultural Fair and Exhibition is being planned to coincide with this tour.

This trip should be of particular interest to farm people, their organizational people, co-operators, and others in the field of production and marketing, for much has been done in the last decade to modernize this ancient land. Furthermore, it is seldom that such a tour is available that combines these opportunities with the added advantage of planned agricultural activities. It also presents an ideal opportunity for farm families to visit the Holy Land, and see at first hand the points of interest of Biblical times. Rural clergy would be wise to note this tour, as well as those who are interested in any phase of community welfare work.

Isaiah 35, 1, says, "and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as a rose." This has truly been the case in Israel with the technical assistance of the United Nations and other such organizations. Land that has been arid and misused for thousands of years, has been made fertile again, and gardens and fields are now prospering where only deserts have existed for centuries. Be you a farmer, a specialist, a farmer's wife, a student, or someone interested in broadening your general knowledge, this tour offers unequalled opportunities.

R. W. Carbert,
Director of Information

TWO AIMS OF FARMING

"The forming industry, wherever one studies it, is always trying to do two things. Firstly to mechanize itself so as to raise the standard of living of the individual farmer above mere subsistence level. Secondly to extend the variety of crops which can be grown on a given type of land so that the many hazards to which every farm is subject are spread over cash crops, not all of which are susceptible to any one hazard." Lord Halsbury, Chairman of the National Research Development Corporation.

MUSK OX NEARER GOAT THAN IT IS TO AN OX

The musk ox really isn't an ox at all, according to research by the University of Vermont. The zoology department said blood samples showed that the musk ox is closer to sheep and goats than to cattle.

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

gives a

Report to the Province



What Kind of Manager are You?

Is there a manager in your house? Or merely a boss? This article may help you decide.

by LES YOUNG

FARMING has changed . . . from kerosene to electricity, from horses to machinery, and from a few pounds of cream to thousands of pounds of milk. Every

year fewer farmers produce more food; every year each cow produces more milk than the year before and each hen lays more eggs. And every year farm prices stay more

or less steady while farmers fight to control the cost of production. Canadian agriculture is truly in the midst of a revolution.

Although farmers have improved their lot through better marketing methods and the government also tries to ease the pinch, in the final analysis it is the farmer, through the management and operation of his own farm, who will decide whether he continues farming. In the change from subsistence to commercial farming, farm management holds the most important key to success.

It is significant that slightly more than 70% of Quebec Farm Forum members indicate they need more help with farm management. Asked why they need help, many reply that they need assistance to keep up with changes in farming. According to Seventh Line Farm Forum, Pontiac County, "We need help with farm problems because of the changing mode of farming and the mechanization. It was one time when a father could pass on his knowledge to his son, but today the scene has changed and there are many complex problems."

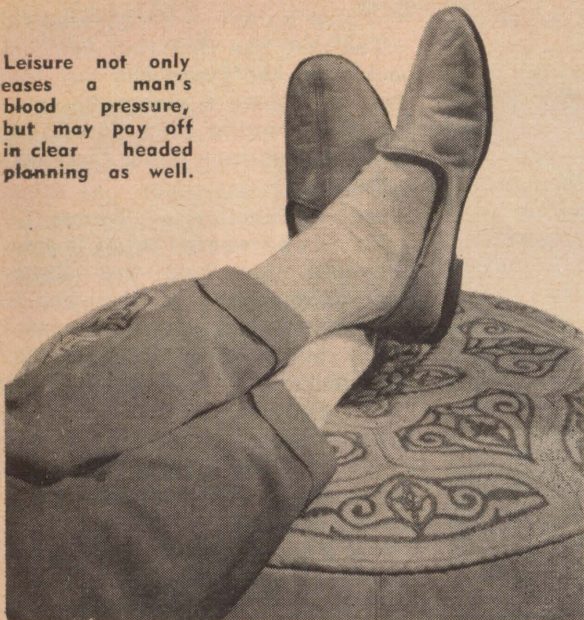
Not all farmers want farm management help. Some believe that they would lose control of their operations if they have help. Is this necessarily true?

To be a good farm manager, a farmer should be able to evaluate his personal and business assets. In other words, it is first necessary to know what one has to work with . . . how much land, machinery, cattle, buildings, etc., and the quality of these. Important too, is the farm family's own desires. The chances of success are much greater if the family is doing something on which they are completely agreed. Secondly, the



Every farmer dreams of bigger and better equipment. The trouble is that too many buy too soon.

Leisure not only eases a man's blood pressure, but may pay off in clear headed planning as well.



farmer-manager must be able to spot problems. If he is losing money he must find out *why*. Having done that, he should get all the information possible on his particular problem. A farmer doesn't need to be an expert in everything, but he should know *when* and *where* to ask advice and information. From this the manager must make his own decisions. Any and every farmer, whether or not he calls himself a manager should have a plan for the future development of the farm. The plan for the farm will be based on the assets and ability of the farmer and the desires of the family.

Most farmers have a plan for the future development of their farm even though it may be in their heads. Many follow through all these steps without realizing it, every time they make a decision. Probably the greatest stumbling block of most farmers is not knowing where and when to ask for advice and how to separate the good from the bad! However, this doesn't apply just to farmers. At one time or another we are all mastered by habit, custom and the "way grandfather did it." More and more though, farmers are realizing, as has the Seventh Line Forum, that knowledge handed down from father to son isn't always sufficient.

Bookkeeping has always been taboo with farmers. Unfortunately, at the mention of farm management, most farmers think of ink and paper. Just keeping a set of books is not the guarantee of a good farming manager. A farm manager has to know how to use the information gained from keeping books. Through keeping

books, a farmer can recognize where his profits and losses are and take steps to correct the problem. He may also measure his progress. Used this way, most farmers don't mind bookkeeping. Bookkeeping is essential to good farm management but it is not an end in itself.

Getting back to our question is it possible to have farm management assistance without losing control of the farm operation? The answer is definitely YES. The farmer should always be in

a position to make the final decision. The real question is how does a farmer go about getting assistance.

In the Province of Quebec there are several kinds of assistance available. The Better Farming Competitions are really a farm management service of a type, although they may not have been recognized as such.

It is possible to obtain help from agriculturalists in each county. Unfortunately, these men are usually overworked. Also, they are generally not trained in farm management, but are specialists in various branches of agriculture. They can provide invaluable assistance, however.

Two experiments in providing farm management assistance are now underway. Both are sponsored by the farm forums and the Quebec Farmers' Association. One, at Rawdon, involves about seven farmers. These farmers are having complete farm plans — plans for the future development of the farm — drawn up for them by personnel of Macdonald College. When the plans are completed, the farmers are free to decide whether or not they wish to follow them. Although the cost in this case is only a token charge to each farmer, this type of work is done in the United States by professional farm planners and managers, and may run to well over \$500. Besides the cost, the other drawback is that few farmers can be helped at any one time in this way.

In Brome County about 20 farmers have organized through the farm forums into a farm management club. The plan is to have the farmers meet periodically, and

discuss in a group different problems. They can call on expert outside help for particular problems. The advantage of this plan is that a large number of farmers share experiences and can discuss new ideas in a group. Also, the cost per farmer is much reduced. There are clubs similar to this in Manitoba and Ontario, where they have proved successful.

More and more agricultural students are being trained in farm management and extension services are increasing this type of assistance. Although there is no doubt that good farm managers must have some natural ability and lots of common sense, there is convincing proof that they are made — not born — and that they will have an increasing role in agriculture, whether as owners of farms or as advisers to farmers.

PROVINCIAL SUMMARY OF FINDINGS

Province: Quebec Farm Radio Forum.

Provincial Secretary: L. G. Young.

Broadcast Topic: Management Training.

Date of Broadcast: December 8, 1958.

Total Attendance: 427.

Number of Reports: 37.

Average Attendance per Forum: 11.5.

Opinions of Broadcast: Good, 29; Fair, 5; None, 3.

Summary of Findings

1—Do you feel the need for more help in managing your farm? Yes (number of members)

	257	70.2%
No	109	29.8%
Undecided	16	

(Note — In some forums all were counted; in others, only farm owners).

Our forum was about evenly divided on this. 5 voted for help, 4 against, and 1 abstained. Perhaps the reason for the votes against help in farm management was an improper understanding of what is meant by "help in managing a farm."

Brill — Brome Co.
Ives' Hill and Drapers Corner
— Sherbrooke Co.

6, Yes; 2 No.

We all felt the need for more help in managing our farms.

Poltimore — Papineau Co.

2—Why do you need help?

Advice on new crops, improvement of crops, suit crops to soil
12 — Advice on soils and soil

management 11 — To increase income 9 — To understand fertilizer requirements, time of application, etc. 7 — Advice in order to keep up with developments 7 — Because there is a lot we do not know, like other ideas 6 — Advice on care of animals and production testing 4 — Advice on more efficient operation 4 — Assistance with bookkeeping and farm plans 3 — To improve farms and community 3 — Need technical help and advice 2 — Want advice because of changes caused by mechanization 2 — Help to meet rising production costs 1 — Special help for poultry farmers to combat disease 1 — Advice on which crops will sell best during the year 1.

Some members said they need more help in managing their farm business etc., as better methods of handling their records and guides in farm planning.

Frost Village — Shefford Co.

We would like to know what kind of fertilizers to use and where to use them and advice on what crops will grow on our land etc., but still feel free to decide the important decisions as seems best.

Mount Loyal — Montcalm Co.

(a) We feel that farming is

more complicated now requiring farm accounts on which we are not well versed. (b) Rising cost of production requires better business heads.

Dalhousie — Soulanges Co.

We need help with farm problems because of the changing mode of farming and the mechanization. It was one time when a father could pass on his knowledge to his son but today the scene has changed and there are many complex problems.

Seventh Line — Pontiac Co.

To operate farms more profitably. Sutton — Brome Co.

3—Why can you go it alone?

Because have for a long time 6 — Can obtain needed information through literature, by asking 5 — Too independent 5 — Couldn't afford to follow advice, can't find labour 5 — Are profiting by experience 4 — Because feel successful 4 — Don't want to get pushed 1 — Don't need more money 1 — Use common sense 1 — Because we co-operate with neighbours.

Because most of the farmers in this district are well experienced and feel they don't need any more farm management. The most of the farmers have been on their farms forty years and more.

Third Range — Sherbrooke Co.
The rest feel that they can look back over the years and say that they have done a reasonably good job of managing their farms and prefer to continue doing their own managing.

Sutton Junction — Brome Co.

Those who wanted to go it alone answered that help was always close at hand and all they had to do was ask for it when they needed it. To put it in a nutshell, they just don't want to get pushed.

Mansonville — Brome Co.

4—If you do want help, what kind of help would you accept — Commercial help (\$10 per hour). Government help, Associations, Clubs, Short courses at College?

Short courses 25 — Government help 24 — Associations and Clubs 24 — Commercial 2.

Clubs and associations have been giving a great deal of help and all strongly recommend short courses at College, as they said you can learn much even by short visits to Agricultural Colleges if you keep your eyes and ears open. Buckingham West — Papineau Co.

We would accept help from associations, short courses at college and from our local agronomer.

PNEUMONIA AND SHIPPING FEVER MAY HAVE RELATIONSHIP

RESEARCH work being carried out at the Ontario Veterinary College indicates that a relationship exists between pneumonia in calves and shipping fever in cattle.

Veterinarians doing research work on these two diseases have observed that many of the animals most seriously affected with shipping fever had a chronic type of pneumonia prior to shipment. These observations and others suggest the occurrence in the normal cattle population of an enzootic pneumonia of a chronic character.

Early reports indicate that the disease may affect 25 per cent of the calves in Ontario. Although the disease does not cause heavy losses in calves, it is a chronic infection and as such it may reduce the growth rates and lower resistance to the point where calves become susceptible to other more serious diseases. The disease is similar in character to virus pneumonia in swine which has a widespread distribution. Research work is being continued to determine more about the disease and its control. Clean, dry and well ventilated calf pens will do much to bring calves affected with enzootic pneumonia back to health.

HORSE-BUS MEMORIES

WHEN I was a girl nearly every big village and small town had its 'station bus,' which met all the trains. It was owned by the keeper of the principal inn. I recall one vehicle which looked like a cross between Noah's ark and an old-fashioned bathing-machine. You entered by three or four steps at the back, and these the driver folded up before shutting his passengers safely inside, mounting the high box-seat and driving off. As in other country buses there was a thick layer of straw to keep the passengers' feet warm, and a strong stably atmosphere. Another bus, privately owned, ran to the town a mile and a half away. If you had not quite finished putting on hat and coat you called from the bedroom window and the bus waited, or it would allow you to post a letter or leave the tradesman's order book *en route*.

Another memory is of a bus drawn by two horses, the driver high on his outside seat, the conductor standing on the steps at the back. There were some steep hills, and the conductor politely asked everyone to walk up them, adding, 'Ladies over fifty may stay in'. Apparently not many of the passengers had reached that advanced age. After a bank holiday 'Full inside' barely described the state of things. On one occasion there were two men on the roof, one standing on the steps by the conductor, one sitting beside the driver, and one standing between the last two—on one leg. I know, for that man was my husband.

ADVERTISING DEADLINE
FEBRUARY 1st 1959

ARE FARMERS PAYING TOO MUCH FOR ANIMAL MEDICINES?

THEY MAY be, if they buy and use drugs on a "do-it-yourself" basis, against diseases for which the medicines weren't intended.

They aren't, if besides the drug, farmers get the service of a veterinarian to help raise the animal to maturity at the lowest cost.

These points were made by Dr. Vladimir Dvorkovitz, president of Jensen-Salsbery Laboratories, Inc., at a recent luncheon meeting in Kansas City, Missouri.

The cost of animal medicine was related by Dvorkovitz to two factors:

1. Farming's increasing mechanization appears to increase the animal susceptibility to disease. More medicine attention is required.

"We see the same phenomenon with humans," he said. "The more complex the civilization in which we live, the more we have to resort to the use of drugs, pharmaceuticals, and vaccines."

2. Many animal drugs are offshoots of human medical products. The cost of clinically testing the human drug may account for 90 per cent of the drug's price. This cost, which has no bearing on animal use, is usually a part of the price for the animal product.

"The farmer is, in effect, subsidizing the high costs of human clinical research," he said.

As costs of treatments have risen, farmers have tried to avoid them by buying drugs direct. But the amateur approach to animal medicine often results in more disease and trouble, not less.

The solution, Dvorkovitz said, is more original development of animal drugs that "will be less expensive to use and will not carry this extra burden" of human clinical research.

"We want the reduced costs to more than pay for the veterinary service so that, in effect, the farmer will get better service that will allow for a better profit and less expensive, fine-quality meats for our expanding population," he said.

* * *

A man applied for a job as a life saver. "Can you swim?" asked the boss.

"No," said the man, "but I can wade like a son of a gun."



"Farmer of the Year." Friends in Eastern Ontario named a successful Glengarry County farmer, R. Stanley Wightman, for the H. H. McNish Award recently. Wightman receives the award from Tom Dickson, president of the Eastern Ontario Soil and Crop Improvement Association.

Progress in Humane Killing

THE FIRST successful air-powered animal stunner, introduced recently for meat slaughtering operations by Thor Power Tool Company, Aurora, Ill., has won the James Hopkins Award, presented by the American Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, as the year's outstanding humane slaughter development.

Warren W. McSpadden, general manager of the ASPCA, said the Society will make a four-way presentation at its annual meeting here next spring to Donald Willems, 13-year veteran of the meat packing industry, and mechanical designer Henry Spitzley, originators of the air stunner; Thor, whose engineers collaborated with Willems and Spitzley to perfect the tool, and Armour and Company, which made its facilities available for extensive testing of the new stunner.

McSpadden said Willems, traveling supervisor of livestock handling and care for Armour, and Spitzley each will receive a \$1,000 cash award, while Thor and Armour will receive silver and gold plaques. Funds for the ASPCA awards come from a special bequest by the late James Hopkins, who was intensely interested in fostering development of humane slaughtering methods. The award has been presented on three occasions previously.

The Thor air stunner, which

went into production December 1, humanely stuns cattle by driving a metal pin 1/2-inch in diameter into the animal's brain. This produces instantaneous unconsciousness, with resultant insensibility to pain during subsequent slaughtering. Insensibility to pain is the key requirement of the law passed last August, to go into effect in 1960, governing slaughtering operations of packing plants doing business with the U.S. government.

Also important to packers are the new air stunner's automatic activation on contact with the animal's head and its repeater-type action, resulting in exceptionally fast, economical stunning with no shells or reloading required. Power is supplied by air pressure from a compressor which can operate four stunners simultaneously.

The award-winning Thor stunner — an 8-pound, tubular-shaped instrument 2 3/4 inches in diameter and 33 inches long with air hose connection at one end and penetrating pin at the other — is capable of stunning up to 125 head of cattle an hour. The tool is being adapted to stunning of hogs, calves, and lambs.

* * *

A democracy is a country in which everyone has an equal right to feel superior to the other fellow.

HOW HIGH ON THE HOG?

THE STEWART Commission on price spreads is being bombarded with briefs explaining that the growing gap between what the farmer gets and what the consumer pays for food is just the result of a lush living standard. The latest to join the chorus is the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, which adds further that price spreads should "by no means be discouraged."

There are several hundred thousand Canadians who would beg, not too respectfully, to differ on both counts.

As of mid-October there were 313,000 of them without jobs — about half as many again as a year previously. There is every sign that by winter's end the unemployment figure will have gone well above last year's peak of 590,000.

For these unemployed and their families, for the pensioners, for anybody living in retirement on a fixed income which looked ample while it was being saved for 10 or 20 years ago but no longer does, Canadian living standards are far from lush.

These people are not living high on the hog. They are eating down around the hock, and the only reason they are not right at

ground level is that the trotters are more expensive.

Those of them who are old enough remember with a rather lively nostalgia the pre-war days when pork chops were the cheapest meat, and with a pound of them and a can of beans and some fried onion you could make a pretty good meal for a family for not too many cents.

Writing this we find ourselves thinking of a rather wonderful man called John Bennett, a former Vancouver alderman who died recently, and wondering why his breed seems almost to have disappeared from the political scene in this generation.

His obituaries say he fought for the "little people", but he certainly never thought of them in those rather patronizing words. He would have preferred the nickname Vancouver gave him during his 19 years on the city council, starting in the mid-1920's: "the taxpayers' terror."

John Bennett understood one fundamental fact: that at any time, be it depression or boom or any of the shadings in between, there is a substantial part of the population to whom pennies are still vitally important. A couple of mills in the tax rate, a couple of percentage points in an assess-

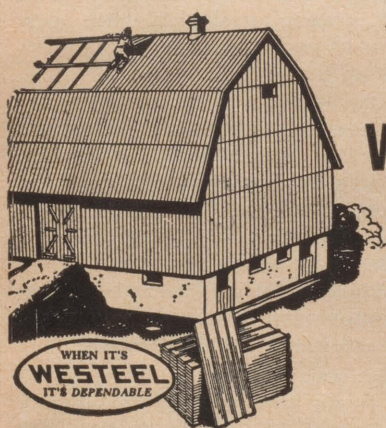
ment, a couple of cents in the price of meat, or bread, or milk — for them, these are fundamentals which can make the difference between just getting by and not getting by.

We have a sneaking feeling that one of the things this country needs worst right now is a few John Bennetts. It needs them sitting at all the three levels of government; looking with a compassionate eye at the problems of those hundreds of thousands who eat low on the hog, and with a steely one at all the bland statements about lush standards of living justifying the almost frantic wastefulness of much of our economic system.

NO DECLINE OF YOUTH

SINCE time out of mind, the older generation has said of the younger generation that they simply don't know what the young people are coming to nowadays. All the same succeeding younger generations in this country have not done so badly when their turn came. In the meantime, let us do all we can to widen the horizons of the young and open up opportunities for them. In a civilized country a corollary of encouragement to the young is care of and thought for the old."

[The Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan.]



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LIFE IN NEPAL

FOR MOST PEOPLE — for most Westerners certainly — Katmandu, capital of the independent kingdom of Nepal to the north of India, is an out-of-the-way place; but that is not to say that life there is lonely or dull. Far from it, according to Mrs. Mildred Slater, who has just returned to England after a two-year stay in Nepal where her husband was working for the World Health Organization. "We had a constant stream of people in our home," she said. "The Nepalese students in my husband's school were particularly interesting, and they used to enjoy coming to tea. They seemed to be fascinated to find that the children talked English!" (Many English people have felt an equally unreasonable surprise on hearing French, German or Italian children speaking their native tongues with such enviable fluency).

Besides regular visitors like the Slater's landlord, a keen hunter of tigers, and the bank manager, there were others from all over the world — an American Television team, Peter Aufschneider who was companion to Heinrich Harrer during his seven years in Tibet; an Australian bishop; Han Suyin, the author who has just published a book with a Katmandu setting, and, of course, the mountain climbers who came to tackle the highest peaks in the world. "Then there were Indians who trekked over the hills to attend the yearly Hindu festival at Pasupatinath Temple," said Mrs. Slater, "and Tibetans, who came down to trade in the winter. The Tibetans particularly are a colourful people, and very tough. They had to walk many, many miles, often heavily loaded, over the high mountain passes to get down into Nepal. Their women were fascinated by my nylon stockings, and used to pull them away from my legs to feel the texture, completely baffled as to why I had this extra loose skin. We were just as fascinated by them as they were by us, and we loved to wander round Bodanath temple, the important Bhuddist centre where they go to worship and to turn the prayer wheels before setting out on their rough journey back to Tibet."

"Flowers play a large part in the lives of the people," Mrs. Slater said. "The women, and men too, wear flowers of all sorts in

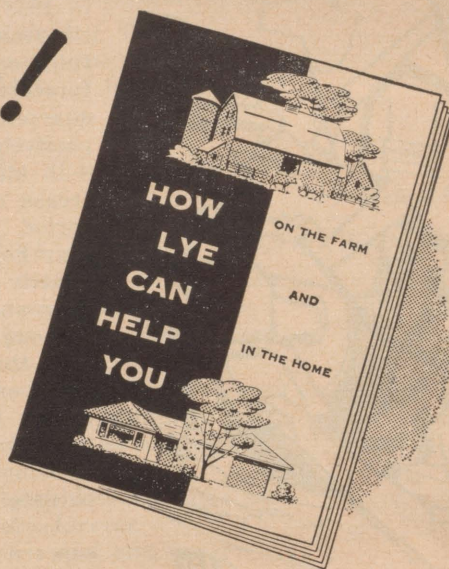
their hair. They make garlands for festive occasions. And often tough woodcutters come down from the hills with wild rhododendrons decorating their back-breaking loads of wood. But I think, above all, we enjoyed our life in Katmandu because we must have been living in one of the most beautiful countries in the world. One of our greatest pleasures was to pack up some food and climb the hills which completely surround the green valley. We could

climb up to about 7000 feet and see about 300 miles of Himalayan range spread out before us from 50 to 90 miles away, and even at that distance many of the peaks seem vast and towering."

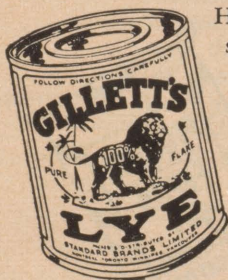
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PROV.

Sauce for the Goose

by ARDIS WHITSHADE

A story lesson for all those wives who have to endure the misfortune of being married to an incurable hobbyist.

THERE was nothing which could so completely disorganize Ruth as an argument with her husband. Particularly if she had won it, and Ruth had certainly won that morning. Why, the gall of him! Asking if he could have that idiotic Feathered Fancier club out for another lawn show — another one of those insane affairs when everyone and his brother came out from the city and all points beyond and flooded the lawn with a hundred kinds of shrieking poultry.

And Ruth would be expected to brew a boiler or two of coffee of course, and smile intelligently when the judges talked soberly of wattles and dewlaps and topnots and the like, and then help clean the place up next morning. Yes indeed, she had won the argument!

And it was such a shaking victory that the rest of that day couldn't possibly have gone in any orderly fashion, though Ruth was convinced that this was just more of her husband's fault.

It was washday, and Harry's silly chickens had been as determined to sit on the clothes line as his silly geese had been to get into the strawberries. And the twins, who were five and had much more energy to chase such pests than she had, had been chasing butterflies through Miss Pettigrew's iris beds instead.

Then there was the little matter of the burnt dinner, — the one which burnt because she had been so frantically occupied with these other events.

"I wonder," Ruth said to her mother as she jerked a pot of smoking potatoes from the burner that noon and began to pry them off the bottom, "I just wonder why in the world I couldn't have married a *normal* man. Somebody who

could have let me live a normal, sensible life like other women do. Like Molly Peters, for instance, or Kitty, or Betty, or Grace."

But her mother only smiled in a vague way and kept looking out the sink window at the goose pen. "That new gander Harry bought," she said. "The goose won't have nothing to do with him at all. It kind of worries me."

Ruth looked at her sharply through the steam of overcooked vegetables. "You too," she thought. "You're getting just as bad as Harry and the youngsters and the Feathered Fanciers. If it isn't feathered, it isn't important. And I'm not feathered . . ."

But it was her mother who made the discovery which really shook the world from under Ruth's feet that day. It was just after the twins had been bundled off to their afternoon nursery class and Mother had begun to collect the laundry. She came downstairs scratching at a smear on the collar of one of Harry's shirts. "Lipstick," she said. "Why I'm surprised at you, Ruth!"

But the lipstick wasn't Ruth's. She knew that the second she saw it. It was too bright. There was too much of it. And she wasn't foolish that way.

"Oh, my sainted aunt!" she cried, taking the garment into her hands and wilting into the nearest chair. "Not that! Not that,

too! But — but he just couldn't be that silly!"

But the more she thought it over, the more she was convinced that he must be that silly. What other explanation could there be?

It was a terrible afternoon. Ruth did her dishes without even noticing what she was doing. She broke her best tea cup and didn't care. The soap serials crowded the radio one after the other, each pleading for her to worry about it. She didn't even hear them. She didn't even notice that the Polish rooster was perched on the clothesline again, and right over her pink bedspread.

It was getting near supper time before Ruth became a part of the world again, and then she began to think very clearly. "I'm not going to cry about it," she told her mother. "No siree. If any woman's blind enough to want a man like that, let her have him!"

"Don't know as I'd do any weeping and wailing," her mother said as she piloted the twins toward the sink to wash up for supper, "But I'd sure do a bit of gnashing of teeth. I'd fight."

Ruth scarcely heard her. "But I just wonder who in the world could be that silly!" she said, glancing sideways at their wedding picture on the mantel and mentally shaking a fist at it. "I think I'll find out. Not that I care one little grain of salt, but if she thinks she's go-



ing to keep on pulling the wool over my eyes she's got another thing coming!"

"Man shortage is terrible, terrible, I guess," her mother murmured, looking out the window again to see if the geese were all right. "I'd fight."

"Now let me think," Ruth said tightly as she spread the tattletale shirt across her lap, "when did he wear this last? This light blue nylon, Mother, when *did* he wear that?"

And then she noticed the two tickets to the wrestling match in the pocket. Those were tickets which had never been used, incidentally, because they were bought for the night that the girls had come over for canasta. Harry ought to have known better than to buy them for canasta night. Besides, wrestling was such silly business.

But the tickets were the clue she had been needing. When Harry had found out that she wouldn't go out with him that night, he had stayed at home — puttering around in the henhouse, of course. And when the girls had finally finished their tea, he had driven them home.

"Oh, my sainted aunt!" Ruth gasped as the realization struck her. "Not that! Not one of them!"

But it must have been one of them. Must have been Molly Peters. Or Kitty. Or Betty. Or Grace.

Harry got off the bus that evening and bounced up the lane of their little country house as if he had the conscience of some merry saint. He flung his hat down the hall, flung the twins up to the ceiling, and then gaily presented his wife with two of her favorite magazines.

So that's how it was affecting him! she thought.

"How's things around the house today?" he asked. "Any chickens die?"

But he didn't really wait for an answer because he was already halfway up the stairs to change into his henhouse clothes. Harry always ate supper in his henhouse clothes.

Ruth gave him a quiet treatment of cool courtesy that suppertime, answering all of his questions so politely that he soon ceased asking them. Even the twins could feel the drop in temperature and both Ron and Judy were so contained and mannerly that one would have thought them dining with strangers.

"Peaceful," Mother observed. "Most peaceful meal we've had in this house since the pup died."

"Yes," Harry said, gulping too fast at his stew, "why aren't we talking?"

"Nothing to talk about," Ruth said.

"Nothing happened today?" Harry asked. "As perfect as that?" Ruth's anger came to her face in spite of her. "Perfect!" she said hotly. "How little you know! Perfect pandemonium, that's what we had here today! Thanks to you and your kids and your menagerie!"

Harry looked at her for a second over the rim of his cap. "So there was nothing happening here today. Nothing to talk about. Just pandemonium, that's all. "He shook his head and smiled that sad smile of his that always made her furious. "Ah, the sweet disorder of a woman's mind!" he said softly.

Mother saw the approaching storm and moved to stall it off "Harry, that new gander of yours — he's having a rough time of it. The goose just nags him all over the place. Won't have a thing to do with him. Have you noticed?"

No, Harry hadn't noticed, and the situation seemed so much more serious than the sweet disorder of his wife's mind that he got up from the table to take a look. Mother and the twins went with him.

There now, Ruth said to herself, is a good example of just what's wrong. Our marriage can be teetering on the very brim of the Grand Canyon and he doesn't even give it a thought. But let that silly pair of geese have a fall-out and he'll do everything for them but send for a psychiatrist . . .

Was there any wonder she wasn't going to worry about losing a man with such a distorted sense of values? And flinging an utterly contemptuous glance in the direction of the goose pen, Ruth rushed upstairs to see if there were any more lipstick stains on her husband's collar. Or perfume. Or stray hairs on the shoulder of his jacket.

But he had left no clues tonight.

That night, after they were both in bed, she tried playing detective again. She lay back looking at the ceiling, bit the tremor out of her lips and said very casually, "Harry, do you think it's true that all men are naturally polygamous?"

"Never studied polygamy," Harry said sleepily.

She waited awhile, thinking over her next question carefully to make sure it was subtle enough. "But you do find me very difficult to understand, Harry. Don't you?"

Harry was asleep this time, but when she repeated the question and prodded him gently with her elbow, he answered. "Any man that says he understands a woman merely means that his hearing is good," he said.

No, Ruth thought, I'll never find out that way. I'll never get anything out of him. I'll have to go after the girls themselves. I'll have to see Molly Peters, and Kitty, and Betty and Grace. That's the only way . . .

She decided that she would see Molly Peters first, perhaps because she was so sure that Molly was the least capable of the four of any romantic treachery. In the first place, Molly wasn't pretty. And she was much, much too honest. She was so honest, in fact, that Ruth had almost decided to tell her the story rather than to ask questions when she remembered the mean things that Harry had so often said about women and secrets. Harry used to say, "Sure, women can keep a secret just as good as men. Only it takes more of them to do it!"

Molly had an office job which didn't let her out till late so she was still doing her few dishes when Ruth dropped in to see her next evening. Not that she was really forced to get her own meals like this because her husband was an up and coming young salesman who had provided her with a very comfortable apartment and who no doubt could have given her a comfortable money margin besides.

But Molly wasn't thinking of how lucky she was that night. She was fretting over a balky hotplate in the tiny kitchenette when Ruth came in. "Ruth," she said, sweeping her sweaty, dun colored tresses out of her eyes, "you don't know how lucky you are to have nothing to do but to look after a house. Or a man who is always around to fix things when they go wrong. This goldarned hotplate won't melt butter tonight, and Lewis is out on a trip again as usual."

"But then Lewis is doing so wonderfully well, Molly. He's on the way up."

"Give me a man who is on the way home more often and I wouldn't care whether he was doing wonders or not," Molly said.

And then they talked about hotplates and cooking and about practically everything but what she had come to talk about.

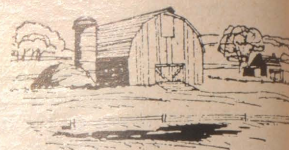
"Molly," she began when the clock at last began to prod her, "did you get home the other night

(Continued on Page 28)



The Better Impulse

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE
WOMEN'S INSTITUTES OF QUEBEC



OFFICE HAPPENINGS

BY the time you read this, Anna Christie, our Home Demonstrator, will be Mrs. William V. Hobbs and will be living in London, Ont., where Bill will be graduating from University of Western Ontario next May.

In the short time Anna has been with us she has been a very busy girl. Her schedule included courses in sewing in 12 branches, cooking, etc., and School Fairs. She also was present at the JWJ Rally and Camp Laquemac and made a trip to Chapais, which was reported last month.

Anna's report concludes — "I wish to express my sincere appreciation to all those who have made my work with the Quebec Women's Institutes such a pleasant and rewarding experience."

We are going to miss Anna in the Office and we are sure she has left a warm feeling wherever she has visited in the Province.

All our good wishes go with Anna and Bill in their new life.

* * *

There seems to have been some confusion about the letter sent from the Office concerning the members who were not receiving the Macdonald Journal. Many sent in new lists of members. All that was required was a check of the names on the yellow page, which could not be found on the Harpell lists. Some of those listed as *not* receiving the Journal are receiving it, and some may now be getting two copies. If so, please notify us. We hope it will all soon be cleared up and every member will be receiving her copy of the Journal.

* * *

Mrs. George Wilson, FWIC Public Relations Officer, has published a booklet on her trip to Ceylon entitled *A Delegate Reports*. It is very interesting and may be purchased for \$1.00 from her at St. Mary's, Ont. RR. 6. It would make a nice gift.

If any member did not receive an Annual Report, let us know, as we have plenty of them in the Office.

* * *

A letter from the Association for the Help of Retarded Children notifies us that they now have speakers available for any group who would like to hear the work discussed.

Address

Association for the Help of
Retarded Children,
7440 Cote St. Luc Rd.,
Montreal 29, Que.

A reminder — The Cancer Society also supply speakers.

* * *

Here is a little poem culled from the Ontario Home and Country —

It Isn't the Town, it's You

If you want to live in the kind of
a town

That's the kind of a town you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a
grip

And start on a long, long hike.

You'll find elsewhere what you left
behind,

For there's nothing that's really
new,

It's a knock at yourself when you
knock your town;

It isn't your town — it's you.

Real towns are not made by men
afraid

Lest somebody else gets ahead.

When everyone works and nobody
shirks

You can raise a town from the
dead.

And if while you make your stake
Your neighbor can make one too,
Your town will be what you want
to see,

It isn't your town — it's you.

* * *

And a special thank you to all those kind friends who remembered the QWI Office staff at Christmas with cards and good wishes.

FROM HERE AND THERE

ROADSIDE picnic tables are becoming increasingly popular as a W.I. project. From Manitoba a member writes that they placed a Visitors' Register in a box attached to a tree near the table. They found that over 200 carloads of picnickers signed the book, during the year and they were not only from Canada and the United States, but many countries of Europe. A good idea to start planning for now.

* * *

A MEMORIAL TO MRS. WATT

THE Georgian Women's Institute of West Simcoe, Ont., wishing to honour the memory of Mrs. Alfred Watt, M.B.E., noted daughter of Collingwood, approached the Ontario Archaeological and Historic Sites Board and on August 2nd, 1958, during Collingwood's Centennial Week, unveiled a plaque erected close to the site of Mrs. Watt's birthplace.

The new Encyclopedia Canadiana has quite a full write up on Mrs. Watt and it should be of interest to every WI member. To quote —

WATT, Margaret Rose (Robertson), founder of Women's Institutes in Britain; b. June 3, 1868 in Collingwood, Ont; d. in Montreal Nov. 29, 1948. Daughter of Henry Robertson, Q.C. Educated at the University of Toronto, of which she was one of the first women graduates and the first woman M.A. Spent some time in newspaper work in New York City. After her marriage in 1894 to Dr. Alfred Tennyson Watt, she moved to the west coast of Vancouver Island, where her husband was in charge of the William Head Quarantine Station. There she became interested in the Metchisin Women's Institute, one of the earliest in B.C. She was secretary of the first advisory board of Women's Institutes, established by the government in 1911.

Upon the death of her hus-

band in 1913, she went to England with her two sons. The need to conserve and increase the food supply suggested to Mrs. Watt the contribution that Women's Institutes could make to the war effort. In Wales in 1915, with the help of Mrs. Drage and others, she organized the first Women's Institute in Britain and introduced a highly successful campaign of food production. Women's Institutes became a vital part of the British social and economic order and Mrs. Watt was awarded the M.B.E. in recognition of her work. The Belgian and French governments also made awards.

As early as 1923, at a meeting in Paris, after having visited women's groups in most of the European countries and in Australia, Mrs. Watt proposed the creation of an international organization of countrywomen. In 1930 in Vienna, at a meeting presided over by Lady Aberdeen, it was decided to call a countrywomen's conference, which took place in Stockholm. Mrs. Watt was there elected president of the newly founded Associated Countrywomen of the World and continued to hold office until 1947.

OUR FAR AWAY SISTERS

Note from an ACWW meeting in England with members present from 22 countries —

"Malaya was our theme for the afternoon session. The four films shown were made by the Malayan Film Unit and showed vividly the great strides Malaya has made since its stormy war days. One film, 'Rohani Steps Out' was an absolutely delightful story of a Malayan girl. We saw her in her village, newly married, very shy, with few friends. The film shows her joining the W. I. — making friends, learning how to use a sewing machine, learning about nutrition, finding self-confidence, until at last she herself becomes a demonstrator who will help other girls in other villages.

At the end, of course, the audience was bursting with questions, so we put two of our Malayan members, Tunku Mukminah and Che Zanarah, up on the platform. They were so pretty and so charming they won all hearts. They answered questions, told about their organizations with intelligence and humour. Tunku Mukminah was wearing lovely clothes, the straight



Present at the unveiling of the memorial to Mrs. Margaret Rose Watt at Collingwood, Ontario last summer are, Mrs. Gordon MacPhatter, Past-Pres. of the FNIO; Mrs. J. R. Futcher representing the Historic Sites Board; Mrs. Arnold Elliott, niece of Mrs. Watt; Rev. A. W. Downer, M.P.P.; Mayor A. C. Carmichael of Collingwood; Mrs. T. C. Kells, president of the Georgian W. I.; Rev. W. L. Young, Collingwood.

folded skirt and Chinese looking coat, made in a bright red patterned silk. One member of the audience asked if the material came from Malaya. "I bought it in Exeter," said Tunku Mukminah which brought down the house. Exeter is a county town in Devonshire, where she had been staying with a member of the English Women's Institutes."

Their answers to questions showed the work done by the National Association of Women's Institutes of Malaya. They started six years ago, while their country was in the throes of civil war. In 1956 they became affiliated with ACWW. Today they have 227 Institutes and 7,500 members and the movement is growing every year."

Zanzibar, the Isle of Cloves, lying off the east coast of Africa is ruled by a Sultan, is only 640 square miles in area, with a population of over 100,000, but it has a Countrywoman's Association (Women's Institute) started three years ago with 30 members. They now have 200 members of 13 nationalities and sent a representative to the Colombo Conference.

Their program includes lectures, cookery demonstrations, social and musical afternoons and their social services cover the visiting of old people, running stalls at charity fetes, sewing and visiting the Maternity Home and holding a New Year's party for 100 poor children.

The members include office workers, teachers, nurses and some

are in Purdah. They have raised enough money to reconstruct a tower of an old Arab fort on the coast for their Headquarters.

A report by Mrs. Price, Area Vice-President for Africa, on a recent tour of Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Uganda, Tanganyika, Kenya, Zanzibar and Ghana, spoke of the kindness and hospitality she met everywhere. She told many stories of visits paid to country groups and of one, in Ghana:

"Mrs. Price started off by train from Accra with Dr. Evelyn Amarteifio and Mrs. Quatje to visit a branch at Awisa, some 90 miles up country. They were met by the members of the branch, carrying banners of welcome, a brass band and all the children, who had been given a holiday for the occasion. Led by the band, they walked in procession to the village, where they were joined by the Chief and his councillors and the local prophetess with her attendants. They all attended a Service in the Church and then Mrs. Price spoke to them about ACWW.

Afterwards there was much talk and photographs were taken and a meal was prepared. When at last they departed, the branch presented the visitors with gifts; two vast hands of bananas, eggs, oranges, yams, several pottery vases made locally, and two live cockerels tied together with string.

When they reached the railway station they found they were to travel by freight train with just

one Third Class carriage into which the ACWW party and several other members packed themselves. The train was running two hours late and darkness fell before they reached Accra. There was no electric light — something had gone wrong with it — but the engine driver sent the guard along with an oil lamp so that the ladies should have some light. Mrs. Price told us she had seldom enjoyed a meeting more and that the warmth and friendliness of everyone she met was a real joy."

FOR SIGHTSEERS

The Roman Bath in the Strand, one of central London's main streets, where a boy named Charles Dickens, it is believed, used to take a cold plunge to get off the dirt of the blacking factory where he worked, is to be restored.

It has been closed for two years because of a crack in the brick vault where it is situated.

Dickens does not record having dived into the bath, but he makes David Copperfield do so, and Charles was, of course, the original of David.

There are some doubts about the bath's alleged Roman origin. It was first mentioned in the late 18th century, but may have been built as a reservoir by one of the Earls of Arundel who owned the estate on the site. A 19th century owner of this celebrated cold plunging bath claimed that it was built by the Earl of Essex in the 16th century.

About 6,000 visitors a year used to go to see the baths — free. But now there will be a shilling admission fee.

Is There a in the House?

MOST flower shops sell cactus plants these days and the plant booths at fairs and sales very often have them, too. They can hardly be called beautiful except when they are in full bloom, but there is nevertheless something very fascinating about these odd plants. Their strange and often even grotesque appearance can be very decorative in the right setting and they will grow quite happily on a sunny window sill in an ordinary living room.

Although the majority of cacti are desert natives they don't need a lot of heat and as long as the temperature never drops below freezing point they will live for years and years. They are, in fact, amazingly long-lived, not only in their natural surroundings, but also as pot plants, and I know several specimens in private houses which are well on in their 70's, and still going strong. My own Christmas cactus, *Zygocactus truncatus*, is a mere 20 years old and therefore quite a youngster. It grows slowly but surely and each year, round about Christmas time it is laden with glorious crimson flowers that look very like the bloom of a fuchsia.

The cactus family is a very large one but none of the plants have leaves in the usual sense, but instead many of them are protected with spines or hairs. *Cereus senilis*, the "Old Man" cactus is densely clothed in long white hairs almost as thick as the woolly coat of a furry caterpillar. The green parts of the plants are stems which may be flattened or very much swollen and are often decorated with ridges or raised knobs or nipples.

All these peculiarities are the result of their urgent need to conserve water, a necessity which has been forced on them by the climate in which they live. They can go without water for very long periods without dying, but it is certainly not true that they never need any water at all. They endure drought through necessity, but are much happier with a regular supply of moisture.

One of the mistakes which many people make when they try to grow cacti is to keep them too dry. The plants need perfect drainage and their pots should have an open sandy compost and a good layer of pebbles at the bottom to prevent any suspicion of stagnant water, but they grow much better with regular watering than if you keep them bone dry for weeks on end. So many of the shrivelled little cacti one sees languishing on plant stands and window sills are merely suffering from acute thirst, and a good drink at regular intervals would make a world of difference to their well being.

Cacti have rather fine and delicate roots when they are young and when you pot them up it must be done carefully and the soil should not be rammed down hard. They like a little lime in their compost and bonemeal is therefore a

good fertiliser. They should not be given manure but if you want to encourage growth during the summer months it is a good idea to water occasionally with liquid fertiliser. In hot sunny weather cacti need watering several times a week — in fact whenever the pots "ring" when you tap them.

When the summer is over you should gradually cut down on watering and from November to February most cacti are satisfied with a drink once a fortnight or so, unless you keep them in a very warm room, when they will need more.

Winter flowering species like the Christmas cactus naturally require more water because they have to swell their buds. The little round *mammillarias*, which you can recognise because they are covered in distinct nipples, also flower early in the year and need regular watering from January onwards. The more prickly and hairy a cactus is, the longer it can endure drought. The smooth green ones such as the *phyllocactus* group, the Prickly Pear family *Opuntia*, some of the *cereus* species and the *riphsalis* need more moisture because they have less protection against evaporation.

The little off-shoots produced by a cactus plant can usually be rooted quite easily. Don't plant them immediately you have cut them away from the parent plant, but leave them lying with the cut surface exposed to the air for 24 hours until a skin forms over the wound. Then you can put them carefully in sandy soil and they will root quickly. Don't give any water at all for the first fortnight, and after that very little until the

plants begin to grow. Rotting, which is the worst enemy of cacti, and always caused by too much moisture, can begin very easily when the skin has been broken.

It is interesting to raise cacti from seed and if you buy a packet of mixed seeds you will get a very varied collection. Use a fine sandy compost, preferably in rather shallow seed pans. Don't cover the seeds with soil, but simply press them into the surface and water the pans or pots by standing them in a larger vessel of water. Put a sheet of glass over the top to keep the atmosphere moist but remember to wipe it once a day to prevent any dripping. Some of the seeds, especially the *mammillaria* species, germinate very quickly and if you can keep a temperature of about 75 degrees, you should see the first baby plants appearing within a week. When the seedlings are two or three months old you can transplant them with the aid of a notched stick to little individual pots.

The *Mammillarias* always remain rather small but the *echinopsis*, which are of a similar shape, but ridged instead of nipped, grow to a good size and the *echinocactus* species are larger still. The *cereus* group is very varied, some of them trailing horizontally and others growing upright. The famous "Queen of the Night" whose admirers gather at Kew to watch the huge flowers opening after dark, only to close again for ever before the morning breaks, is a *cereus*, and the rat-tail cactus or whip cactus is another. The *phyllocactus* species are barely prickly at all and have large and very beautiful flowers. My own plant, which has stood on the window-sill now for about ten years, produces several enormous scarlet blooms every year in June.

TOO MUCH REFINEMENT

"Far too many people get so worried about having taste that they don't have any interest in what they are having taste about. You all know tremendous wine snobs, or food snobs, or picture snobs — or whatever it might be — and they are so desperately anxious to have the right taste about what they're having taste about, that they simply have no pleasure in the wine, or the food, or the pictures, because they can't afford to put a step wrong."

Sir Hugh Casson, Professor of Interior Design at the Royal College of Arts, London.



Bouquets are carried by London flower sellers arriving at St. Clement Dane's, the Royal Air Force Church, in the Strand, London, for a special service held for them. The service was for members of the London Flower Girls' Club.

Some Projects in Education for the Q.W.I.

by MARY REMBER

Provincial Convenor of Education.

IN a review of last year's reports, assistance to school cafeterias, loans, scholarships and prizes all seem to be receiving due recognition. Yet there are some activities which are worthy ones to bring to the attention of the whole membership in order to make them more uniformly practiced in the Province.

These are (1) Libraries and Children's Programs (2) Public Speaking (3) Help for Retarded Children.

In some counties these are already in operation, but in others they are not. Making all due allowance for special difficulties in some counties, is it too much to ask that every effort be made to promote this work in W.I. education?

Libraries and Children's Programmes — Although Young Canada's Book Week is past, something can still be done this year to help foster good reading campaigns for young people. Books such as *Black Beauty*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Anne of Green Gables*, and *Treasure Island* are a good selection from which to start the love of good reading and may be given as prizes or as individual gifts.

To quote from Ethel Chapman in *Home and Country*. "One authority tells us that if every family had four books; the *Bible*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, a really great biography and a good anthology of poetry, and if both parents and

children would read and talk about them, we could stamp out the taste for cheap literature in one generation."

The stories we hear as children make a lasting impression and this is reason enough for ensuring a permanent place on the home shelves for a few collections of traditional tales and ballads. One loses something of priceless value when one fails to appreciate the childlike qualities of wonder and inquiry.

For quite some time the stories told on radio by Just Mary have enthralled thousands of young people and some not so young too. That is just one example of what good literature can do.

Mrs. George Wilson, FWIC, in her report on Radio and Television, "Recommendations for Children's Programmes" gives these:

(a) Radio (b) Continue reviews of good books (c) Less violence and gunplay (d) More travelogues and Animal and Nature Stories (e) Kindergarten of Air should be on earlier (f) Children should be treated in a more mature manner on some programs.

(a) Television (b) Televisé the Children's Classics, Canadian History, Stories of Hudson's Bay Co., Building the C.P.R., Buffalo Hunt, R.C.M.P., Indians of Today, Steelworkers, Laura Secord, Pauline Johnston (c) Current Events - St.

(Continued on Page 31)

The Month With The W.I.

GREETINGS to all Publicity Convenors and Q.W.I. members. This being the holiday season and due to the early deadline, only 12 counties have reported — all other reports will be compiled for next month. One county is going all-out for the support of an European Child. Many counties supported the UNICEF shell-out, have had Christmas meetings with the usual activities and have had many handicraft courses.

As far as I can see, very little work is being done in radio or TV. Don't forget that publicity for our Institutes is an important factor in the Q.W.I.

ARGENTEUIL: Several of the branches in this county sold poppies at their meetings. **ARUNDEL** held a discussion on a school bursary and decided to help the school library; had a quiz; made plans for sewing courses. **BROWNSBURG** saw a film entitled "Battle for Bread"; heard a talk on War, Population and Feeding Problems; heard a report on hat-making course. **DALESVILLE** heard a talk on the growth and founding of the W.I. Miss Janet McOuat of Macdonald College prepared a casserole luncheon and gave a sandwich demonstration. **FRONTIER** heard a talk of Art. Roll Call—naming a country and its capital. **JERUSALEM-BETHANY** heard topics on W.I. work by County President. **LACHUTE** had a book review; collected approximately \$290.00 for UNICEF. **MILLE ISLES** made several donations and discussed various items of W.I. activity. **PIONEER** heard papers on Citizenship; saw slides on local scenes. **UPPER LACHUTE-EAST END** heard a talk on Citizenship.

BROME: **ABERCORN** held a card party; at their meeting read and discussed items from Federated News and held discussion on Short Course. **AUSTIN's** meeting was cancelled because of sickness. **KNOWLTON'S LANDING** sold food and recipes; planned a holiday party; gave a gift to a hospitalized member; sent Service Fund donation.

COMPTON: **BURY** heard papers on "How to Buy Shoes for Comfort and Health," "We each have a Fort to Hold," "Chicken Dinner," "Soil Conservation," "The Promotion of 'Made-in-Canada' Goods," and "Weaving as a Hobby." They saw a display of woven articles; collected approximately \$90.00 for UNICEF; realized \$54.20 at afternoon tea, food and thrift sale; sold \$25.00 worth of UNICEF Christmas Cards. Names of sick and shut-ins to be remembered at Christmas were drawn. They donated \$5.00 towards purchase of radio for a shut-in; donated \$5.00 each to Anglican and United Church Sunday Schools for Christmas treats. **COOKSHIRE** heard talks by Mrs. Pope on her recent trip to Africa and by Mr. French on his visit to the United Nations Assembly. A letter was read from the Link Secretary in England. They also heard talks of UNESCO, Roses, "Declaration of Human Rights," and talks on publicity media including Literature, the Press, Radio, and Television. They donated \$25.00 to High School for prizes; collected cotton for Cancer Society; sent a box of used clothing to "Save the Children Fund" ordered two boxes of UNICEF cards. Gifts were collected at their meeting for the Junior Red Cross, a "Sunshine Basket" sent to ill member. Ten knitted squares brought in. **EAST ANGUS** heard a talk by Mrs. Joyce on her trip to British Columbia; collected \$79.00 for UNI-

CEF; heard a paper on "The Colour Problem;" gave prizes towards school UNICEF party. **EAST CLIFTON** renewed a C.A.C. subscription; realized \$13.00 from Food Sale and \$13.95 from waste paper drive; donated \$5.00 to church fund and \$3.80 to UNICEF. They made tables to put in W.I. Hall; sent scrap book to Sherbrooke Hospital for children's ward; send a Christmas box to the Cecil Memorial Home. Aged and shut-ins are remembered with gifts at Christmas. **SAWYERVILLE** members each brought a guest for their Christmas meeting. A special note was made of one member who was celebrating her 91st birthday. Christmas cheer is to be sent to two families; renewal made to C.A.C.; and had a sale of UNICEF Christmas cards. **SCOTSTOWN** awarded Mrs. Mary Mayhew with a life membership certificate and pin. Members attended a social as guests of the I.O.O.F. Christmas gifts were prepared for the Wales Home; saw slides of Jerusalem and Egypt and a few local scenes. Donated \$5.00 to the High School for prizes; collected \$45.00 for UNICEF.

GATINEAU: **AYLMER EAST** held a Remembrance Day Service with special prayers and poems read. Two films were shown: "Bermuda Bound" and "Kingdom of Saguenay." Three chartered members cut the 33rd. Anniversary Birthday Cake at the branch's celebration. **KAZABAZUA** collected jams and jellies for the Wakefield Hospital, and members offered to go as volunteer blood donors to assist a local man who needed several transfusions. **LAKEVIEW** donated \$100.00 to the Association for Retarded Children of Hull and District. The Junior W.I. visited the Children's Ward at the Sacred Heart Hospital, at the Royal Ottawa Sanatorium, and the Brookdale Farm Home. Candies and apples were donated to the children in these institutions. **LOWER EARDLEY** heard a talk by the citizenship convenor on "Bill of Rights," saw coloured slides of a trip through Eastern Canada and had exchange of Christmas gifts. **WAKEFIELD** collected \$180.00 for the blind and donated \$20.00 to the Service Fund. They donated money to buy supplies used to improve skating rink building. At this Christmas meeting, skits and carol singing were enjoyed. **WRIGHT** had a gaily decorated Christmas tree with gifts for the Brookdale Home; a Christmas reading and carol singing ended the pleasant meeting.

MEGANTIC: **INVERNESS** are giving Christmas candy to the children in the community; white cotton collected for Cancer Society; \$13.00 sent to the Self-Denial Fund; gifts are to be given to the needy children for Christmas; a quilt was made and sold.

PONTIAC: **CLARENDON** held a sewing class; a contest held; donated \$5.00 to the blind; donated a potato peeler to the high school cafeteria; had a sale of "grab" articles. This branch's project is care of the Memorial Park. **ELMSIDE** had a talk on the history of Bristol and an Armistice Poem was read. **QUYON** heard a talk by Mrs. Watson on "How to be a Good Neighbour," sold UNICEF Christmas cards; sent \$30.00 to Service Fund; and decided to increase tea fees to 10c. **WYMAN** had "A Donation for the Pontiac Community Hospital" as their roll call.

QUEBEC: **VALCARTIER** gave \$40.00 to the Intermediate School and Convent for their Christmas treat; had an exchange of Christmas gifts and carol singing.

RICHMOND: SPOONER POND had a demonstration of Egyptian Card Weaving; heard articles from convenors; gathered clothing to be sent to USC for Korea; a Sunshine Box sent to an invalid boy; \$5.00 donated to Wales Home; party planned for couple who have moved from community.

SHEFFORD: GRANBY HILL had a fancy work and food sale; held a member's night supper; and bought UNICEF cards. GRANBY WEST presented a life membership pin to a member and made a donation to the Veteran's Hospital for Christmas. WATERLOO-WARDEN heard an article on Ceylon; had a sale of UNICEF cards; made scrap books for the children's hospitals; donations made for Christmas cheer and sent Christmas cards and newspaper subscriptions to shut-in members.

SHERBROOKE: ASCOT held a successful food sale; planned Christmas cheer for shut-ins; to hold a social evening and supper for members and their families. Miss Jean Birch, who had been a member of the Youth Pilgrimage to United Nations, gave a talk. UNICEF cards were sold. BELVEDERE had a display of the quilt made by members of the County at the Quarterly meeting. This was a fine example of the good work being done by members of this branch and others, due mainly to handicraft courses. BROMPTON ROAD reported 11 hours work at cancer clinic; catered successfully to a Banquet for Rotarians; held an apron contest; ordered Christmas cards and heard several articles. LENNOXVILLE heard readings on Soil Conservation, and on the scholarship won by 15 Indian Students, two of these from Quebec; had a display of handicrafts; observed Book week by a display of books for the Young; forwarded 90 knitted squares to WVS; ordered UNICEF Christmas cards; members attended the three week work course. MILBY had grounds around clubhouse graded; donated vegetables to Grace Christian Home at Huntingdon; Children collected \$37. for UNICEF; money voted (about \$40) to provide a School Lunch for a needy child at Lennoxville High School; ten members and friends attended the sewing class; and entertained the Quarterly Meeting. NOTE; all branches made plans for Christmas cheer.

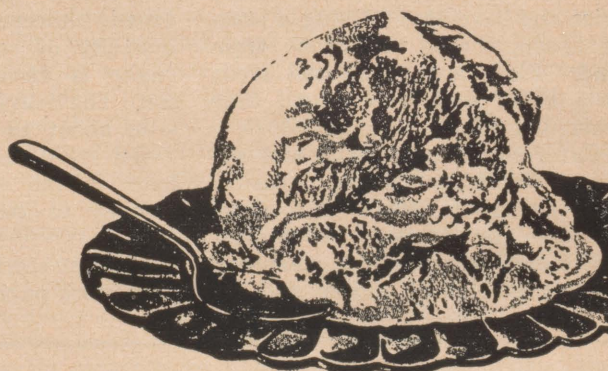
STANSTEAD: AYER'S CLIFF had report of County meeting; had a demonstration on making Christmas decorations; voted money to Service fund and to needy families; wreath bought for Remembrance Day; sick and shut-ins remembered; the roll call was answered by giving Christmas presents for children at Springhill, N.S. BEEBE discussed the Memory Books of County and Branch; donated books to the school library during Book Week; wreath placed at Memorial Gates on Remembrance Day; 60 articles sent to Unitarian Relief; and sponsored UNICEF shell out. HATLEY voted money to service fund; enjoyed slides shown by a member; heard report of County Meeting; voted in favor of adopting a child, a County Project. HATLEY CENTRE entertained the county meeting; added a new member; voted \$10.00 to Emergency Fund; had exchange of gifts; voted money to provide cheer for a local child; voted to support the county project. MINTON had a geography quiz; discussed lists of articles for County Fair; voted to support the County project; had exchange of Christmas gifts; voted money for Christmas Cheer in local community and also to Cecil Memorial Home and Sherbrooke School for Retarded Children and the School Cafeteria. They entertained the wife of their local minister and she sang several

Christmas carols. NORTH HATLEY's members responded to the roll call by presenting a gift for the Wales Home; members told of Christmas customs in other lands. STANSTEAD NORTH also answered their roll call with gifts for the Wales Home; UNICEF cards sold; scrap books and materials were Christmas gifts to Children's Ward of Sherbrooke Hospital. WAY'S MILLS had as roll call "Problems of a Canadian Immigrant." Report was given on workshop which was attended by 25 ladies and 7 girls.

VAUDREUIL: CAVAGNAL sends a group of members throughout the year to Ste. Anne's Military Hospital with cigarettes, cards and magazines for the Veterans. They held a rummage sale and a desert card party which proved a success. HARWOOD celebrated their pre-Christmas meeting with an exchange of gifts and a shower of cigarettes for the patients in the psychiatric wing of Ste. Anne's Military Hospital. The highlight of the evening was a musical programme of Christmas songs and carols.

Cranberries are being successfully grown under dry conditions on the north shore of Prince Edward Island. Yields have been equal to the best yields from bogs. With sound exploitation, this situation could result in an interesting new industry.

**Deliciously
Different!**



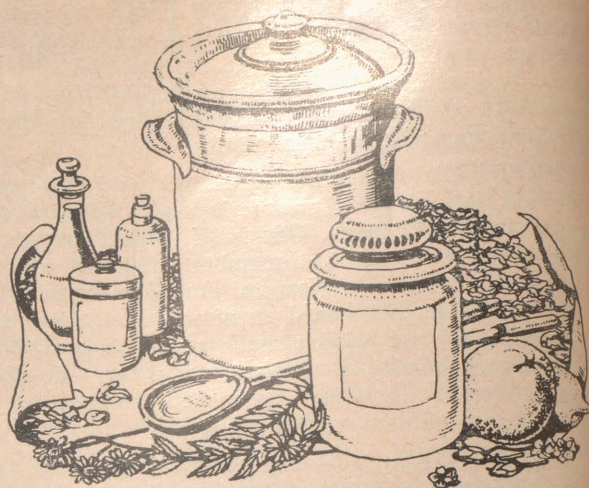
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1076 MOUNTAIN ST. MONTREAL, QUE.

RECIPE PAGE

MID-SEASON MARMALADE



FEW things give a homemaker such satisfaction as completing a batch of homemade pickles or preserves. This season's pickles have long since been stored on pantry shelves, but there is no better time of year for making marmalade. Citrus fruits in our stores today are at their succulent best. Be wise and take advantage of this fact.

The following method for Seville Orange Marmalade produces excellent results. Use different combinations of citrus fruits if you prefer, but the little extra time spent with this method will pay dividends in the long run.

Be sure to cut the rinds 'sliver' thin.

SEVILLE ORANGE MARMALADE

2 Seville (or bitter) oranges
2 lemons

Select smooth thin skinned fruit. Scrub thoroughly. Discard a slice from the stem end. Cut in half and squeeze out juice. Strain juice and save seeds. Using a sturdy spoon, scrape membrane from rinds. Place membrane and seeds in a bowl. Add water until they float. Let stand overnight.

Cut rinds into sections and sliver as thinly as possible. Measure juice and rinds. Place in a glass, porcelain or crockery container. Add 3 cups of water for every cup of rind and juice. Cover and let

stand over night.

Boil both mixtures 40 minutes. Strain liquid from seeds and membranes into rinds. Cover and let stand over night.

Measure the mixture into a broad saucepan. Add an equal quantity of sugar. Stir until the sugar is dissolved. Boil rapidly until the jelling stage is reached—in about 10 to 15 minutes.

Let the marmalade stand $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in the saucepan. Stir occasionally to keep peel well spread out.

Fill hot sterilized jars up to the narrowest part of the neck. Cover

with a thin layer of melted paraffin. When cold, add another thin layer of wax.

Jelly Test:

Dip a metal spoon with clean smooth edges into the boiling syrup. Lift the spoon about 1 foot above the saucepan. Allow the contents to drop back into the syrup.

The behaviour of the last drops in the spoon will indicate the concentration of the syrup. When the last few drops fall side by side or form a sheet which falls leaving the spoon clean, the jelling point has been reached.

COOK BOOK FOR 1959

If you like to collect recipes and cook books — and what homemaker doesn't? Why not treat yourself to a new booklet for the New Year? The one we have in mind — "Macdonald College Recipes" — a small book of choice recipes, tested at Macdonald by Household Science students. Compiled by the Home Economics Club, it is on sale (30c a copy) to augment their scholarship fund. It's a joy to use, and the proceeds are for a worthy cause — two excellent reasons for owning one. A few of the recipes appear here.

SCOTCH TEA PANCAKES

1 egg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup powdered sugar
or plain
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
2 tsp. baking powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. baking soda
1 cup sifted flour
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk

Soften butter, add sugar slowly beating until creamy. Beat egg mixture until light, add to sugar and butter mixture and stir well. Add sifted flour, baking powder and baking soda. Add to mixture alternately with milk. Cook on grill or greased surface until bubbly, then turn. Should be golden to dark brown. Serve cold and buttered with glass of milk, tea or coffee. Also with jam or peanut butter.

ORANGE DOUGHNUTS

2 eggs (well beaten),
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/2 cup sweet cream
 juice and grated rind of
 one orange
 2 cups flour
 1 tsp. baking powder
 pinch of salt

Mix all ingredients together. Drop from a teaspoon into hot fat (350F). When cooked and partly cool, roll in mixture of granulated and powdered sugar. Yield: approximately 30 doughnuts.

LEMON ICE BOX CAKE

Line 8 in. square pan with waxed paper. Crush 1/4 lb. vanilla wafers and put half in bottom of pan. Cook until thick in double boiler, 4 eggs, yolks beaten, 1/2 cup white sugar, 5 tbsp. lemon juice. Remove from fire and add: 1/2 tbsp. gelatine which has been soaked in 1 tbsp. cold water. Beat 4 egg whites stiff with 1/2

cup sugar. Fold two mixtures together lightly and put in pan. Cover with remaining crumbs. Chill in refrigerator overnight. When serving turn out, decorate with whipped cream and cherries. Yield: 10 servings.

BUTTER TARTS

1/3 cup butter
 1 cup sifted brown sugar
 2 tbsp. milk or cream
 1/2 cup currants
 1 egg beaten
 1 tsp. vanilla

Mix ingredients together and place spoonfuls of the mixture in patty tins which have been lined with rich pastry or cookie dough. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F) for 8 minutes. Reduce temperature to 350 F and bake until pastry is delicately browned. Yield: 20-30 tarts.

PEANUT BUTTER FUDGE

2 cups granulated sugar
 2/3 cup milk
 4 tbsp. peanut butter
 1 tsp. vanilla

Mix sugar and milk. Cook until it forms a soft ball, let cool a little then add peanut butter and vanilla. Beat until creamy.

For further information, or to order a copy, write to: P.O. Box 232, Macdonald College, Que.

Ancient Cures of Man

THERE WAS no doctor in the Isle of Man until 1780, and then only one. Earlier in the century the great Bishop Wilson, a wise and gentle man, had opened the equivalent of a modern clinic at Bishops-court, residence of the Bishops of Sodor and Man since ancient days, where he dispensed herbs and advice to all who sought it. He also travelled all over the island on his hardy Manx pony with herbs in a satchel behind him. But most of his flock had home cures of their own.

Many Manxmen lived in small cottages built of sods in which herbs grew to the thatch: they planted more round the doorway and found many others in hedgerows, fields or curraghs. Bogbean was popular for purifying the blood. Burdock, known as *bollan-ghoa* (stinking wort), was used for the same purpose and for soothing the nerves. Mugwort, which had to be pulled only in the night of old St. John's Eve (July 4), was also considered good for nerves, and the roots boiled in buttermilk removed freckles. Wild yarrow, with its lovely local name of *airh-halloorin* (earth-gold), brought on perspiration to cure fever; and wild sage, called *lus-y-toar-vrein* (bad-smell herb), was simmered in milk and drunk for dysentery. Many illnesses were attributed to the evil charms of witches, against whom vervain was believed to be effective. This plant was worn as a safeguard inside the clothing or put in a child's cradle on old May Eve, the Witches' Sabbath. Fishermen strewed it in their boats or tied a piece to their nets to ensure a good catch. It was also brewed and used as an emetic.

A few families became well known for their curing, among them the Teares from Ballawhane in Andreas.

Secret recipes were handed down from father to son, and people would come from every corner of Man to their cottage near the dunes on the northern shore. Stories are still told of the last 'Teare the Fairy' who was called in to treat animals as well as humans. He would gather a few herbs from his garden, stroke the patient with them, saying the all-important words, and throw some on the open hearth to burn. He was believed to be on intimate terms with the 'little people'.

The country folk used to believe that to rid themselves of a disease they must pass it on to someone else, which they tried their utmost to do. If they failed they turned to other means. A widely practised method of exercising the evil charms of a witch was to cut a little piece from the victim's clothing and burn it on the hearth with, of course, the right words said over it. If the patient had an enlarged gland nine rods of iron from the smithy were piled on the afflicted part of the body with the words: 'Melt away as mist on mountain and as sea on shore'. To cure ringworm, known as *chenney jee* (fire of God), nine joints of barley straw were put by the fire till brittle, then crumbled to dust in the fingers and mixed with spittle to form a paste which was rubbed three times on the diseased part. Snails were held in high esteem: snail broth to cure consumption, poultices of snails on open wounds and snail spit for sore eyes. To remove warts a piece of wool was tied in as many knots and buried at midnight in a grave over which was repeated: 'Funeral, funeral going to the church, bring my warts with thy own warts'. If there was sickness in the parish a small cross (*crosh curn*) was hung over the door; it was made of mountain-ash and tied

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ANCIENT CURES OF MAN

(Continued from Page 27)

with wool off a sheep. A stream was believed to be a great safeguard, for no illness could cross running water.

The Isle of Man is reputed to have had as many wells in proportion to its size as Ireland or Cornwall, and many cures grew up around them. Strangely, a distant well was supposed to have much more healing power than one close at hand, so people travelled the island for miles on well pilgrimages. They considered daybreak the best time to visit a well for its curative properties, especially if the sun was shining. The pilgrim must neither eat nor speak from the time of waking till the ceremony at the well was over, and he benefited more if he drank the water from his hands than from a cup. If he could not visit the well, water might be carried to him in a tightly stoppered bottle provided it was not put down on the way. Sometimes the patient walked round the well holding the water

in his mouth; at others he tied on a near-by tree or brush a piece of a garment from close to the affected part of his body. Some wells were thought to behave better if pins, beads, pebbles, buttons or coins were dropped into them. The most fantastic use of a well was the ancient cure for swallowing lizards, called man-creepers (they crept into men's throats when they slept out of doors). The victim had to swallow as many salt herrings as possible and then stand over a well with his mouth open till the thirsty lizard came out to drink.

Two remedies were considered certain for anaemia: either the patient crawled head first down the steps of a barn three times on a Sunday morning, or he drank smithy dust in spring water; as iron is used in modern tonics, this was probably a helpful remedy. For flatulence one was told to stoop down and spit under a stone — perhaps not so foolish as it sounds, for the effort might be beneficial. These and other ancient cures of Man may sound fantastic at first, but closer examination shows that some are based on common sense combined with a knowledge of herbs.

[By Joyce Corlett in *The Countryman*]

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE

(Continued from Page 19)

all right? Did Harry have the decency to drive you all the way?"

Yes, Harry had been quite decent. To her at least. He had driven her right to her door. And she was sure he had been just as considerate of the others too, although she had been the first to get out of the car . . . Harry was such a jolly sort, wasn't he? And so solid. You felt so comfortable with him!

The rest of the talk that night meant nothing. She had found out the thing she had come for. Eliminate one, she thought. Three to go.

She tackled Kitty the very next day. Kitty was the plump member of the canasta society, and while she was forever worrying about her figure and her extra chin, she was forever eating. Ruth felt somehow as though she were leading a lamb to the slaughter when she asked her out to lunch.

She took her to "Ye Olde Coffee Urne," which was just about the latest and slickest eating place in town, and sat her down to a steak and more side dishes than one would be likely to draw in a dining car. And when Kitty had warmed up to a humour which would have made her whole life an open book, Ruth started the detective work. "By the way, Kitty," she said, "did you get home all right the other night with that fine feathered husband of mine?"

Kitty was so busy with a mouthful of steak that she couldn't answer right away. "Oh, yes," she

said. "Oh, sure. I mean, he took us as far as we wanted to go. Only Betty and I got out at Pine Crescent. There's the cutest little delicatessen there where they have the luscious maple creams you ever tasted, Ruth . . . Of course I've no business eating maple creams but then I always buy a box of zwieback to go with it, and sort of neutralize it, you know."

Kitty laughed at the joyous recollection of the maple creams, and then with amazing ease, she lowered herself into the depths of her most tragic mood. "You know," she said, leaning over the table as far as her bosom would allow, "I'd have been shamed to death if Harry had driven me all the way home that night, because Fred was drunk as a lord. Why, he was so drunk that night I just wouldn't think of staying in the same house with him! I just went right over to Betty's place and slept with her! Oh, Fred's such a pickle when he's stewed, Ruth!"

But if Ruth heard at all, she didn't show it. Grace! she thought. So it's her! Well, isn't that lovely? And she was always such an innocent one!

"I'm sorry to hear that about Fred," Ruth said finally coming to.

"Oh, it wasn't so bad really," Kitty said brightening. "After I got over the shock of it all we had a pretty cosy time at Betty's. Her husband was up north hunting, you know. He's always off hunting somewhere, it seems . . . Oh, Ruth, you're so lucky to have a man like

Harry. He's such a gem. He's so — well he always reminds me somehow of the Rock of Gibraltar, he's so steady. And he's handsome too!"

Him, with his bald spot and his little round breadbasket and his ears full of hairs, Ruth thought. What in the world can a pretty woman like Grace see in him anyhow? And I always thought she was my best friend, too! Why the treachery of her!

But then she always had suspected Grace of being two faced! Well, at least she had found out. Not that she cared a grain of salt, really, but at least there would be no more wool pulled over her eyes now. Why, the nerve of that woman! That hussy!

When Ruth got home that afternoon, she didn't trust herself enough to say a word about her find to anyone, and she went through the rest of that day as if she were in a big blue haze. And that night, as she lay in bed looking at the ceiling again and doing her best to hate her snoring husband worse than ever, she could think of anything but sleep. She kept thinking instead of how it used to be with Harry, when their love was a sweet young thing and Harry could think of nothing else but her. About the time he first started courting her and how their noses used to bump when they tried to kiss. About the time she was so frightened that she was going to lose him to that red headed blacksmith's daughter. About their

(Continued on Page 30)



"It says here — now let me see —,"



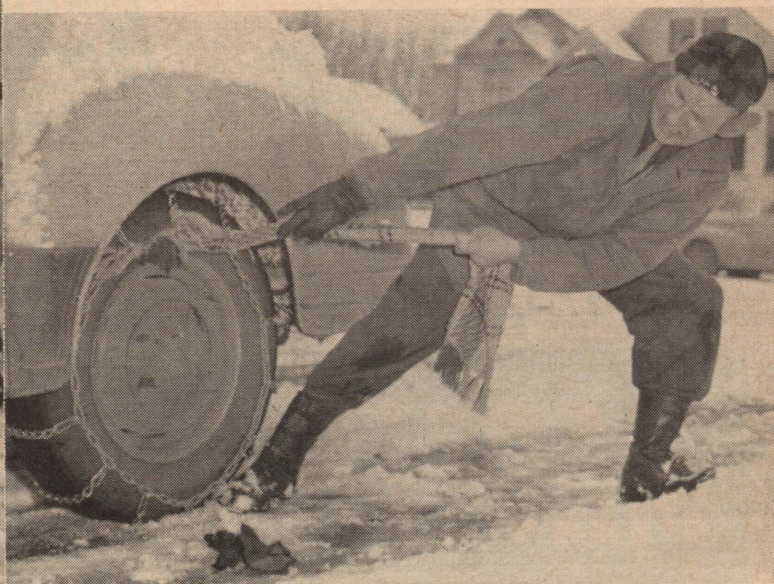
"I'd sooner hang wall paper!"

A Hot Time in a Cold Season

A January story complete in four pictures with all the dialogue carefully censored.



"My finger! Oh my — my finger!"



"It isn't that I like the scarf, but it belongs to my mother-in-law!"

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE . . .

(Continued from Page 28)

first wedding anniversary when they were broke and Harry got up long before dawn to go out to the woods for a bouquet of trilliums for her. About the little celebration he gave her out at Pike Lake after the twins were born when they went out in a canoe, and of how she nearly fell into the lake as she tried to step onto the wharf afterward. Only he went in instead, and held her up. And him with his ice cream flannel pants on too.

How could he have changed so much?

When Ruth finally went to sleep that night, she found herself floundering in the middle of a great, bleak dream. She was back at Pike Lake again, out in the middle of it in that same canoe. Only she was alone this time. Harry had gone ashore somewhere to find trilliums and that was a long time ago and she knew he was never coming back again.

When she woke up next morning, she was surprised to find that it was long past nine. Harry had gone and her mother was sitting on the edge of the bed shaking her. "What are you crying about?" her mother asked.

And after awhile, Ruth told her. "It's Grace," she said, starting to cry again. "I know it's Grace, and

I feel like getting hold of her and shaking her into little pieces!"

"So you found out that you cared after all," her mother said. "That's good . . . You know, Ruth, when I got married to your father, my mother told me that if anything happened to my marriage it would be my fault. And she told me that as long as I remembered that, I'd save myself a lot of heartache . . . I think I should have told you the same thing, Ruth . . ."

Ruth sat up, surprised and a little hurt.

"I put that lipstick on Harry's collar, Ruth. Bought it special for the job."

Ruth jumped from her bed and stood clenching her fists as if she wanted to strangle her mother.

"The man that never seemed stupid to his wife sometimes hasn't been born yet, Ruth. And Harry's the man for you and you had to see it somehow."

It was halfway through the morning before Ruth was herself again. And then there was a smile in her that reached to the very bottom of her, and she wanted to find her mother to tell her about it.

Her mother was out in the goose pen just watching and chuckling to herself. Everything seemed suddenly peaceful here too, between Mr. and Mrs. Goose. Only it wasn't just Mr. and Mrs. Goose now, apparently, for Ruth noticed a third occupant in the pen. A beautiful little sloe eyed buff.

Her mother explained. "I bought it down at Wacker's yesterday. Sweet little thing, isn't she? Only our own goose is so jealous of her that she just won't even let her wink at the gander." Her mother looked up at her daughter roguishly. "The best sauce for the goose is a bit of competition," she said. "Never saw it fail."

And when the wise and lovely old lady laughed, her daughter laughed with her. There was only one little cloud of guilt still bothering her. She felt somehow, as if she had wronged her husband, that cute little Rock of Gibraltar with the hairs in his ears that so many of her girl friends adore. And she felt that in some quiet way, she ought to make it right. She couldn't apologize of course. That would be terrible.

But she could consent to another lawn show. Poultry was a rather interesting hobby in some ways. Of course there would be that boiler or two of coffee to brew and sandwiches too perhaps.

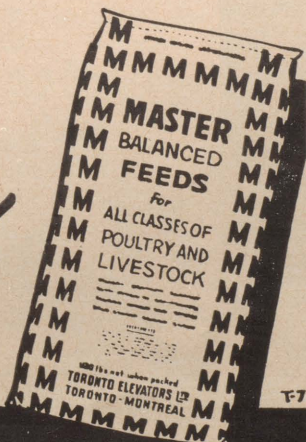
Tell you what, she thought brightly, I'll get some help. The girls would be tickled pink to help run a show like that. I'll ask Molly Peters, and Kitty, and Betty, and Grace!

"THE PLAY'S THE THING" IN DUBLIN

"Some people claim that the characteristic Irish sport of hurley is the toughest game in the world," said Wynford Vaughan Thomas. "The stick used is a sort of hockey stick, but you're allowed to whirl it over your head like a shillelagh, and the ball — hard, leather-covered and called the 'slither' is as deadly as a Mills bomb! But there are many who maintain that there is an even more dangerous sport than hurley, in Dublin, and that is going to the theatre. Dublin is world famous for the passionate way it regards the drama. There is a long tradition of riots and demonstrations at the theatre, which simply means that Ireland feels that the theatre is a serious affair for comments upon life."

Small children should never be left alone in their home even for a matter of minutes, if there is no adult or responsible older children to guard them. Fires can be started by a youngster with a match or cigarette lighter.

*It's Results
that Count!*



MASTER FEEDS

TORONTO ELEVATORS LIMITED — TORONTO • MONTREAL

(Continued from Page 23)

Lawrence Seaway, Alaskan Highway, Conservation Projects (d) More nature and animal stories requested. (e) Keep crime and violence out of these programs, show fewer Western shows per day. Keep hours suitable for children to allow for study, rest and outdoor recreation. (f) Televising Sunday School of the Air and Kindergarten of the Air, but do not remove from radio. Parents must supervise and help select programs.

Public Speaking — We must challenge our young people to realize that the adventure in the work of public speaking is for those who strive for self-accomplishment and improvement, as indeed it is in practically all education. Public speaking contests are held in many places. Pictures of successful candidates from Ormstown last April appeared in the

Macdonald Farm Journal, as have others in the past.

To start young in this seems to work out best. Interest and confidence grows with increasing age in the schools. Cooperation of principals, teachers and pupils all work together to create confidence and assurance on part of the speakers. These contestants also measure up to more difficult assignments later in life. The trained, gifted and sensible speakers will never lack for worthwhile work to do in making this a better country in which to live. By all means let us all encourage public speaking contests wherever and whenever we can.

Retarded but Trainable children — This department of the W.I. education work is receiving much more attention than formerly and rightly so, but still not enough, it would seem, to those most vitally concerned. Newer and better methods have been devised to cope

with the situation, but the special training needed, the securing of suitable places for instruction, the patience required to achieve results, all present problems. Due to the educational programs carried on by dedicated personnel, newspaper and radio and television, a much more enlightened attitude to the situation is developing in a few places throughout the Province. Federally or Provincially supported schools, staffed with experienced or supervised help, with fees not too exorbitant for the unfortunate families to maintain, would seem to be the answer to this problem, but, until such is available, it will remain a problem upon which all humanity-loving souls will continue to work to help relieve an overburdened situation in any such homes.

Speakers on the subject of the Retarded Child and also bulletins may be had from the Association, 7440 Cote St. Luc Rd., Montreal.

THE MAN IN THE KITCHEN!

Nowadays many women expect their husbands to give a helping hand in the kitchen; but not all housewives view this invasion of what was once an exclusively feminine domain with enthusiasm. "Up to the time of our marriage, I doubt if my husband could so much as boil an egg—but he soon made up for that!" said Mrs. Stella Condor well-known radio commentator. "Within six months he was so skilful in the kitchen that my fate was decreed. I was the scullery maid — the preparer of vegetables and the washer-up of dirty saucepans. My husband was the chef. But, being a culinary artist, he could not be expected to bother with trifling details such as cost and quantity of ingredients. If a recipe was designed for six people, the fact that there were only two of us was completely ignored. Small wonder therefore that, during the first year of married life, I put on 14 pounds!"

When out visiting, this ardent chef developed a habit of slipping out to his hostess's kitchen to pick up cooking tips, leaving his wife to sit in silence, and at home the number of saucepans he used to produce one dish was a constant source of amazement. But the hardest thing to bear was the interference with Mrs. Condor's own cookery. She loved it, but



Eight Eskimo girls from Frobisher Bay on Baffin Island arrived in Calgary recently for a 10-weeks course in home economics at the Provincial Institute of Technology and Art. Their training is part of a federal government plan to prepare Indians and Eskimos to fill jobs arising from Northland development. Seven of the girls pose at a reception with Phyllis Harrison, third from the right, a social worker travelling with the group.

could never get on with it when her husband was about without a barrage of criticisms and suggestions. Nor did she really appreciate his kindness when she was feeling ill, and wanted nothing more than a boiled egg, and he served up a three-course meal.

The final blow came when Mrs. Condor returned after a visit to the cinema to find every table, chair and working surface in the kitchen covered with ginger biscuits. "It wasn't until I had mix-

ed the ingredients that I discovered the recipe was for ten dozen biscuits," her husband explained. How long does it take a married couple with one baby to eat ten dozen ginger biscuits? The Condors carried on for a month, before Mrs. Condor threw away the remainder. "I think I prefer the old-fashioned type of husband," she said, "who would be content to mow the lawn and mend the odd fuse. There's not much fun in having a Man in the Kitchen!"

The Library,
Macdonald College, Que.

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